

## **White Water Summer** by **MonsterSquad**

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**Summary:** The Party go on a white water rafting adventure together. El and Mike continue to explore the new level to their relationship. Part three of the Alone in the Woods series (Zero-Mile Mark and Seeking the Summits parts 1 and 2). Lots of smut, fluff, definitely rated a strong M.

# 1. Chapter 1

**This is the third part in the *Alone in the Woods* trilogy. The first two parts are *Zero-Mile Mark* and *Seeking the Summit*. This one gets a little smutty a little quickly so if that's not your thing, this may not be the story for you. Just a heads up. Enjoy the ride.**

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Sometimes things happen that alter the course of one's life. For Jane Hopper, El to her friends, it had been getting lost in the forest with Mike Wheeler. Her life had been almost perfect ever since. He had taken her dull, gray existence and painted it with an entire palette of colors. The same could be said for Mike himself; getting lost with El Hopper had opened his eyes, his mind, and his heart to new emotions that he would fight to the death to keep.

It was spring break and El and Mike were on a backpacking trip in the Allegheny Mountains. Mike's parents had taken Holly to Philadelphia to see the Liberty Bell and such and had dropped El and Mike off in the Allegheny National Forest to hike for three days. They had been practicing rock climbing every weekend leading up to the break and Hopper had reluctantly allowed her to go, wanting to avoid a psychic tantrum and knowing deep down that she could take care of herself. They were hiking a loop that would allow them some climbing along with lots of photo opportunities for El. Mike's parents would pick them back up at the trailhead three days after they dropped them off.

"I would never let you fall," El called, staring up at Mike who was hanging from a rock high above her head.

"This harness is digging into my crotch," Mike complained. He had made it at least thirty feet up the side of the limestone. El held him on belay with a rope but had her eyes peeled in case she had to suspend any slips or falls he might encounter.

"Need me to massage it later?" She asked, grinning up at him. He couldn't see her, he was too busy trying to hang on while he found solid footing.

"Don't distract me! I need to concentrate," Mike said, sounding a little out of breath and a little annoyed.

"Again, I would never let you fall, Mike. I've got you." El watched his foot find purchase on the rock and he hoisted himself higher. Feeling more stable, he looked back down at her.

"Then yes, I will definitely need that later." Mike smiled down at her.

"Don't take too long because I want to go too." The position of the rocks caused an echo effect so El didn't have to yell loudly for him to hear her.

"Just a few more feet and I'm there." El could hear him strain as he reached up to grab a small ledge that was just out of his reach. He almost had it but then his foot slipped and he started to fall, suddenly stopping after just a few inches. Mike felt himself being lifted by an unseen force until his feet were both planted firmly on top of the rock. He had almost made it.

"Close enough," El yelled up to him. "I'm on my way to you." There were no other hikers at the rock that day and while El had been studying rock climbing as much as Mike had, she also wanted to practice getting stronger with her mind. She was finding out that the more she used her abilities the less tired she got after exerting the energy. And her nosebleeds were drastically decreased. She scaled the face of the limestone cliff with ease, barely out of breath when she reached Mike.

"You're always going to be cooler than me," Mike said, though there was no irritation in his voice. He smiled warmly at her, taking her hand as she got to the top and pulling her up to where he was sitting.

"I'm always going to like you a whole lot too." El kissed the corner of his mouth.

Mike had a small climbing pack on that held some carabiners, camming devices, extra rope, a first aid kit, and a towel. It also held a small camera. Their backpacks were on the ground. The rock had been too tempting for Mike, wanting to impress his girlfriend, so he wanted to climb it. It was their second day on the trail. They had

hiked a lot the previous day and had surprised themselves with how exhausted they were when they finally camped, having fallen asleep almost as soon as they'd finished eating. Mike was going to snap a picture of them by holding the camera out at arm's length and hoping they were both in the shot. El stopped him.

"Let me." She took the camera and then it floated a few feet away from them. "Look at it and smile," El whispered, pulling Mike closer to her. He realized that he had already been smiling. Mike heard the shutter close and then the camera floated back to his hand. "That should be better and get some more background. I want Hop to see that we know what we're doing."

Mike had seen her do things like that lots of times but it still never failed to leave him breathless and in awe.

"I'm really happy Hopper let you come with me. I like being in the woods with you." Mike had stowed the camera back in his pack and had one arm around El's waist as they admired the view.

"I'm happy too. We can take care of ourselves. And I like being in the woods with you too. I like sharing a tent with you. It always works out in my favor." El winked at him, stirring something in both of them.

Mike looked around where they were sitting. The top of the cliff was flat, the rock itself spreading out about ten feet behind where they were sitting with their legs dangling from the side. It dropped off beyond the ten feet behind them. It wasn't deep but it was wide.

"I hope we're not as tired tonight," El was saying as Mike looked around. "It's been a while."

"Let's scoot back, away from the edge," Mike said as he moved himself backwards. He was already reaching into his pack when El followed him. He produced a towel, laying it down on the flat rock before sitting down on it and beckoning El to join him. "I want to stay here for a while." He was sitting with his legs outstretched and El sat in the space between them, her back against his chest. As they looked out at the horizon she felt him slide one hand from her waist to her thigh, his fingers brushing the hem of her cotton shorts. At the

same time he started nibbling on her earlobe and peppering her neck with soft kisses, causing her to sigh.

El grasped Mike's upper leg to try to steady the sudden onslaught of desire that was moving through her. She shifted, trying to move into his hand more. Mike understood what she wanted.

"Can I take these off?" Mike asked, tugging on her shorts gently. Instead of answering El grabbed his hand and moved it to the button on her shorts. Mike unfastened them, sliding the zipper down as well. El lifted her hips and felt Mike slide the shorts down as far as he could. She finished the rest, kicking them off over her boots.

El could already feel Mike's erection, being almost right on top of it the way she was sitting. She liked leaning up against him the way she was so she decided not to turn around just yet. She did flick her head slightly to the side though, freeing the button on his own shorts and letting the zipper lower, allowing him to be closer to her as she sat against him, his boxers now touching her lower back. The harness he was wearing caused his boxer briefs to bulge more outwardly, the tension squeezing in a way that caused his hard member to be pushed more forward.

Mike resumed roaming his hand along her upper thigh, occasionally letting his fingers brush against her panties, right between her legs. El enjoyed the teasing. She liked hearing how his breath would hitch as he touched her, his head so near her ear. On his fourth pass, touching her without really doing anything other than making her squirm, she held his hand in place with her own, leaving it where she wanted it.

"Oh, is that what you want?" Mike asked, his voice husky and whispered.

El spread her legs a bit wider, moaning softly at his touch.

"Yes, there. Just for a little while. Please?"

Moving her panties to the side, Mike's fingers explored where she had left his hand. El inhaled sharply as Mike teased her more, his hand immediately slick. He moved his head so he could kiss her neck.

"This is so hot," Mike breathed, "I like having my fingers inside you while we're up here on this rock. Anyone could come along and then what would we do?"

El was almost writhing. "We'd keep doing what we're doing now. Mike, I need more. Take these off of me."

Mike did as he was told. Once he'd slid her panties far enough past her hips she turned around, taking them off the rest of the way before sitting in front of him on her knees. She reached forward to him, freeing his throbbing cock from his boxers by pulling him through the opening in the fly. With the harness on it was too much trouble to take his shorts off.

"I want this. Is that okay?" Her hand wrapped around Mike's shaft and pumped twice before she situated herself on his lap.

"You never have to ask me that. It's *always* okay." Mike could feel her heat against him. His cock twitched in anticipation. El leaned forward, her arms wrapped around his neck. Her lips met his as Mike lifted her slightly by her thighs, allowing himself entrance. He felt her sink all the way down onto him, both of them groaning at the sensation; El being filled totally by Mike and Mike being held in an exquisite vise-like grip by El. She started rocking back and forth, her mouth not leaving his. She wanted to be as close to him as she could, having both his hard cock and his tongue inside her at once. Mike let her ride him, sensing that she needed it. Her legs were wrapped around his midsection, their position causing her to sit higher than if they'd been on a mattress that had some give. He would occasionally pull her up by her thighs, never pulling out totally, and then let her drop back down, causing him to go deeper.

"M-Mike, do that again. I like it when you go deep." She was holding on to his shoulders now. Mike watched her face as he held her up and then let her drop back down, gravity combined with her arousal causing her to slide quickly down his shaft. He loved how she pushed herself down even further when he hilted inside her.

"What if someone climbed up here right now, El? What would they see? I like it when you tell me." Mike kept lifting her and dropping her. She was moaning louder now, the friction of dropping down his

length causing a buildup that was about to explode.

"They'd see me fu-fucking you. They'd see you drop me down on your ha-hard dick and they'd hear how much I loved it. They'd see my legs wrapped around you, me tr-trying to pull you more ins-i-ide me, to p-pull you deeper. If they kept watching they'd see m-me c-coming on y-y-you. Oh, fuck, Mike! I'm gonna come on you. Keep doing that. You feel so g-good!"

"El, look at me. I want to see your face when I make you come." Mike never slowed his pace. El looked at him, her brow furrowed and sweaty. Her eyes were locked with his.

"Mike," she whispered, "I'm, I'm..."

"Keep looking at me, El."

"You're making me come right now." She didn't look away. Mike watched her emotions flash across her face as he felt her tighten around him, clamping down and pulling him in more.

"Oh, shit, El, I'm coming too. Don't stop moving, please!" Mike pleaded, but El had no intention of stopping before he was empty. Her legs were still shaking but she pushed herself down and continued to undulate her hips, watching his face as he released inside her.

She kissed him tenderly as he breathed heavily, both of them having been so turned on by the idea of having sex on that rock that it caused more intensity than they had imagined.

"You know, on this trip we can do the things we wanted to do when we were lost but were afraid to." El kissed him again before pulling back to smile brightly at him. Her cheeks were glowing almost, her hair slightly disheveled. Mike thought how she looked when she was freshly fucked was one of his favorite sights.

After they got dressed El got them both safely down from the rocks. Mike was impressed at how strong she'd gotten just with a little practice. He knew there was no way that she wasn't tired after their tryst on the cliff but she seemed to lower them both to the ground

with little effort.

They shouldered their packs, both them wearing dopey grins, and headed out again along the trail. Mike wanted to find a good place to camp before it got dark.

It was El who spotted the perfect camping spot. It was not unlike the area where they'd camped when they got lost, with a backdrop of boulders and some small trees to act as a shield. They went to work setting up the tent and making camp for the night. El still remembered how to use Mike's camp stove so she cooked dinner while he finished with their night's lodging. Since the fateful trip when they got lost, Mike always carried a couple of tarps and tent stakes with him when he might be in need of a tent, remembering how useful they had been. He'd used the same setup in their current expedition. He had already built a fire so they could sit beside it until they got ready to sleep.

"Want to sit out here or go in the tent to eat?" El asked. Their dinner was almost finished.

"Let's sit out here." Mike sat down on a log beside the fire. El joined him. They passed the food back and forth, taking turns just like they had back in October.

"We need to plan our rafting trip when we get back. We still need to pick a date." El took a bite of rice.

"I know, but my parents are picking us up tomorrow. I don't want to think about the summer right now. I just want to think about *you*."

"Like how?" El asked coyly.

"Like, I want to see how long we can both tease each other for before we give in. I want to make out and touch you until neither of us can stand it anymore. It'll be like when we were lost but we'll get to finally do what we couldn't then, but I want to try to hold out for as long as we can. What do you think?"

El was thoughtful. She had fond memories of making out with Mike in the tent when they were lost. She remembered how she felt, how



she knew she wanted more, but she had been afraid. Recreating it now it sounded good to her.

"What if I can hold out longer than you can?" She asked, smirking.

"Is that a challenge, Eleven?"

"Ooh, my whole name. Is that supposed to turn me on?"

"Does it?"

"Well, fuck," El admitted, her shy smile giving way to something more seductive. "Do you remember when I hurt my ankle and you had to help me change into the sweatpants you brought?"

"I do. My hands were almost shaking. I had to keep it together when my fingers brushed your ass as I pulled them up over your hips. I seriously almost kissed you then."

"Really? I wish you had. That really turned me on when I felt your fingers on me. I didn't know what to do about it. My heart was beating so fast. I wanted you to leave your hands where they were but I was afraid to let you know." They had finished their bag of food. El set it beside the log to collect later when they cleaned up. They gazed at the fire, both of them remembering.

Mike stood up after a few minutes. El was confused. Mike pulled her up from the log, leaving her standing right in front of him. He was so close to her. She looked up at him and felt his hands unfasten her shorts, sliding them down her legs. Once they had dropped to her ankles he slowly ran his fingers back over her hips, letting them come to rest on her backside.

"I could have left my hands like this?" Mike asked. El could feel his fingertips radiating heat on her barely covered behind. She was standing mere inches from his chest, both of them staring into each other's eyes.

"Yes. At that moment I think you could have done anything." It came out as a whisper. Mike didn't move his hands but leaned down a bit, meeting El's face as she looked up at him. The fire blazed as they stood in front of it kissing. After a couple of minutes, both of them

sighing at the feeling of Mike's hands on El, they wordlessly entered their tent where Mike finished undressing her, El's eyes never leaving his. She did the same to him before they crawled into the sleeping bags that had been zipped together to create more room.

Mike moved his hand over her abdomen, ghosting across it. She rolled into him, her face in his neck. El let her fingers walk down his side, stopping at his hip and then gently scraping her nails across his lower back, dipping down slightly. Mike shivered. He was already getting hard.

El kissed his neck, just barely, thinking she was in control. Mike's hand was on her back and sliding lower and El was enjoying the feeling but it wasn't doing anything overly enchanting to her. She raised her head slightly, catching Mike's lips in hers. They had just started to kiss deeper when El felt Mike's hand graze her buttocks, the lightest tickling sensation, his fingers stroking up and down. As his hand slid to her lower ass he would squeeze and then resume lightly stroking. El groaned into his mouth. She could feel her inner thighs starting to become damp from her arousal.

Wanting to even the score, El did the same thing to Mike. Mike felt himself get even harder when her fingers caressed his ass. He wanted to push into her to get some relief but he didn't, knowing that this was the game and that he'd started it. El's fingernails were longer than his though and the sensation of her lightly scraping them across his buttocks was causing all of his blood to flow into one place. He was practically throbbing.

Mike moved his hand to El's inner thigh, his hand resting so close to her warmth that when they shifted slightly his fingers became slick. She suddenly rolled them over, landing on top of him. Her legs were on either side of his hips, she was still playing the game, but from her position above him Mike didn't know how long he would be able to hold out. El seemed to know too because she was grinning at him, letting his hard dick touch her just barely, knowing how sensitive he was and how it would make him want to feel more.

"I can do this all night," she said, but something in her eyes told him that she *really* didn't want to wait that long.

"You can do what? Hover over my cock? You know all you'd have to do is just sit down a little." Mike moved his hand to her folds. "I know you want to." His fingers gently ran the length of her opening, up and down, careful to only give her a little taste of what she was really wanting.

El bit her lip. His hand felt so nice, she wanted to give in.

Mike stopped teasing her and moved his hand down. She wasn't sure what he was doing until she felt the head of his dick rubbing where his finger had been. He wasn't pushing it in, he was just using it to tempt her.

"Oh, that feels good, Mike." She started to move in time to what he was doing, causing the tip to rub her where she needed it most.

"Are you giving in?" Mike asked. He was trying to sound smug but he really just wanted to feel her take him all the way inside.

"Can we please give in together? I know you want it as much as I do."

Mike pushed his cock down slightly and then pushed El down onto him, *hard*, causing her to cry out.

"Oh, shit, are you okay?" Mike was instantly worried.

"Yes, you just feel so good inside me." El leaned down, her head lining up with Mike's. Their lips met and Mike held her by the waist, bucking up into her as she pushed herself down on him. "Push me harder," she breathed. Mike understood and pushed her down onto his throbbing shaft by her waist, sending himself deeper into her. He held her tightly, thinking that his fingers might leave bruises on her hips, but she was encouraging him to push her even harder. She had sat back up, was perched upon him, wanting to move in slow circles while he was buried inside, the angle hitting her g spot and causing different sensations than she was used to.

Mike watched her face, loving how he was making her feel, making her eyes close involuntarily and making her pant with pleasure. It was all he wanted to do.

"I love you. Not just because you look sexy as fuck when you're riding

my cock, but I love you for everything you are," Mike told her as she continued to grind down on him. El leaned forward and kissed him sweetly, not stopping her movements with her hips.

"I love you too. More than anything." She kissed him once more before sitting back up, increasing her force and tightening herself around him. Their eyes were locked together.

"El, you, you're sending me over the edge. I'm trying to hold out," Mike gasped, gritting his teeth in an effort to stay in control of his body.

"Do you want to finish inside me? Because I want you to. You're about to make me come all over you. I can feel it so deep. Oh, Mike! Now, now!" She stopped moving. Mike pushed her down on him as far as he could, feeling waves of tightness massage his member as she hit her peak. He followed a second later, unloading into her while he could still feel her trembling around his cock. El collapsed onto him. They were both breathing heavily and semi-laughing, their minds hazy with the feeling of euphoria that they had just given each other.

"You wanted to do *that* when we were lost?" Mike kidded her.

"Well, something like that. It's definitely something I've fantasized about as I fall asleep in my bed at home. Lots of times. I'd be lying if I said otherwise. But you're way better than the fantasy." She snuggled into him. Both of them were definitely tired now.

"El?" Mike asked, they had been quiet for a few minutes, both lost in thought and feeling drowsy.

"Hmm?"

"I'm really glad that you wanted to go look at that waterfall in October. You changed my life. I really love you."

"I love you too, Mike. I don't know if you'll ever know how much."

He pulled her closer, sighing, and they fell asleep.

Back on the trail the next day, having slept a little late because they didn't have a long way to go before they had looped back around to

the trailhead where Mike's parents would pick them back up, they talked about their summer plans.

"I know Max is down for it, which means Lucas is too. Will and Dustin said they both wanted to go too, last time I checked. We just need to find a good time that works for everyone. I was thinking maybe the end of June or early July because that would give us time to save a little money. I think the Vermillion River in Illinois is our best bet. It has some good rapids but we can go just the six of us. I think they have guides but I'd rather do it ourselves."

"How far away is it?" El asked, walking just a pace ahead of Mike.

"It's less than three and a half hours. We could camp along the river. They have buses that will take you from your car to where you put your raft in the water so we could leave the car where we'll finish and then camp at night until we make it back down to the end where we're parked. I don't want it to be a super rushed trip. It will probably be our last big adventure before we leave for college. Next summer we'll all be busy getting ready to leave."

"Yeah." El sounded sad. She and Mike hadn't talked a lot about what they were doing after high school. They both knew college was definitely in their plans but they were both afraid that it might separate them and neither wanted to talk about it yet. Mike sensed her worry as they walked along the trail.

"El? Where do you want to go to school?"

"I want to go wherever we can be together. Before last fall I was thinking Harvard but I can go wherever. I got a 1600 on the SAT."

Mike's jaw dropped a little. They had never discussed her test scores. She was always so humble about her intelligence.

"Um, well okay, I think Boston would be an awesome place to go. Maybe I can get in somewhere there and we won't have to be away from each other," Mike said, still reeling from her test score reveal.

"You'd do that for me?"

"Well, yeah, but it wouldn't be just for you. There are some great

schools in Boston. I know I could get into at least one of them. Then we could really have an adventure, you and me in a big city, going to school and coming home to one another. Wouldn't that be cool?"

"Cool. Definitely cool." El felt relieved. "I feel better now that we've talked about it. I was afraid you had your heart set on somewhere."

"I do. Being wherever *you* are."

El stopped walking, turned around, and gratefully kissed him.

"So what all would we need to bring to go rafting?" El asked when they had started walking again.

"We'd need camping stuff, tents and food and, you know, things like we bring when we go backpacking. We'd be renting a raft from a company. I assume it would come with emergency things like an air pump and patches in case we somehow tear a hole in it. We'd need clothes and swimsuits. I think the best thing to do would be to get everyone together and make a checklist of what we'll need. Next time everyone is over we can do that. I'm sure it'll be next week some time. School will be out before we know it so we should save our money for gas to get there."

"Oh, I almost forgot! We need to find a van or something that we can all ride in that will also hold our stuff. With six of us packing for a week or so we'll have more than when we just went camping overnight. I'm going to see if Hop has any ideas on something we could use," El offered.

"You've got him wrapped around your finger, you know that right? He seems all cranky but he'd do anything for you." Mike stopped, El turned around to him.

"I've been told the same thing about *you*." She tried to smirk but her smile instead showed her dimples, not being able to keep her real smile from Mike.

"Yeah, well, they're not wrong." Mike shrugged, raising his eyebrow at her before continuing on his way. El followed him.

They got back to the trailhead a little before the sun was just starting

to set. Mike's parents were waiting for them, just as planned. Ted Wheeler clapped his hand on Mike's back, clearly proud of how his son was taking the initiative to try something he had been interested in when he was younger. They all piled back into the car and headed back to Hawkins.

Mike helped El get her stuff to her house. Hopper wasn't home yet, probably having been called into the station.

"Want me to stay with you until he comes home?"

"He'd probably flip out if you did. I know what we'd get up to." El blushed and turned away from Mike a bit. He caught her by the wrist, pulling her into him. He spoke lowly.

"I had a great time with you. I'm going to miss you lying against me tonight." His nose was nuzzling her cheek.

"I'm going to miss you too. Maybe soon I can sneak out and meet you in your basement. Would that be okay."

"You can come over any time. I like how daring you are." Mike smiled as he rested his head against hers. "Come over tonight if Hopper gets in and you know where he'll be. You can just call me and let me know. If my mom answers just tell her you found my socks. That can be our code phrase. She'll never suspect it means that you're coming over." Mike grinned.

"Okay. I'll call you later. I love you." El wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him close.

"I love you too." He lifted her chin, his lips grazing hers softly, their heads moving together, the kiss quickly getting deeper. Then they heard Ted Wheeler's car horn. They shared two more shorter kisses, not wanting to part, but then Mike finally pulled back. "Call me." With a kiss to her forehead Mike was out the door.

El sighed but instead of feeling alone she let herself think about the summer and how much fun it would be to go rafting with her friends. She wondered what kind of adventure it would really turn out to be. She loved being with Mike in the outdoors but their friends made it

even more fun. She wanted to make some awesome memories with them.

Hopper came home about an hour later with pizza. El told him all about her backpacking trip, well, *mostly*, and how they had started planning their fun summer adventure. Hopper said he had to be back at the station early in the morning to finish up some paperwork he hadn't done tonight, knowing that El would be back and wanting to spend a little time with her. He said he had to go to bed early. They ate their pizza and watched tv, laughing at an episode of *Married...With Children* before Hopper told El good night and got ready for bed.

El made a phone call.

"Hi, Mrs. Wheeler? This is El. Um, could you tell Mike I found his socks?"

**A/N: Oh, they were so sweet and innocent in *Zero-Mile Mark*. This will probably be the last smutty story I write for a while. I want to branch out a bit and see if I can get my points across without it. But I've had this planned for a while and I want to stay true to who the characters are now so this is the way it is. The whole party will go white water rafting. We'll see what shenanigans they can get up to. Thanks for reading and I hope no one is offended. I think part two of this series kind of set up who this particular Mike and El are at this point.**



## 2. Chapter 2

**This chapter is pretty smutty. I'm just sayin'. If that's not your thang, look alive.**

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Unlike previous school years, the last weeks of school seemed to race by for the Party. It could have been because they were looking forward to their planned summer trip or it could have been because they were all trying to save as much money as they could, doing odd jobs and finding other ways to scrounge a few dollars here and there. Either way, before they knew it, school was out.

El was having a sleepover with Max. Although they spent a lot of time together they hadn't really had the chance to talk and be alone without the boys around. Max still hadn't gotten all the details about El and Mike's backpacking trip.

"So since the guys aren't here you can tell me. How was your trip? It seems like it was forever ago now." The two girls were sitting on El's rug and listening to music, currently Pink Floyd.

El sighed, a warm smile spreading across her face.

"Come on, El. I know you two are having sex. There's no way you're not. I've seen how you look at each other, all dreamy and shit. Spill it." Max laughed.

"I *do* kind of want to talk about it with someone. Okay, I'll tell you. The first time was the weekend after Valentine's Day when Mike's parents took Holly to see *Annie*. We didn't plan for it to happen but, oh my god, Max, it was so amazing. I came so many times."

Max's jaw dropped. She had never heard El say anything even remotely of that nature.

"Damn, El. Is he *that* good? I'm sorry if I seem in shock. I never thought I'd hear you say something like that. Please continue." Max motioned with her hand.

"I guess he brings it out of me. He's so different when we're together like that. Not in a bad way, he's just way sexier. He knows exactly what to do. We did it on top of a cliff." El looked at Max like she still couldn't believe it herself.

"A cliff? Wasn't the ground really hard?"

"Well, he was sitting up and I was in his lap so it wasn't a problem. I was comfortable. He seemed to be too, he definitely didn't complain." The memory caused El's face to feel warm.

"Um, so like, and you don't have to answer this but I'm just curious, is he, I mean, does he have—"

"You don't have to say it, I know what you're asking." El looked down at her hands, which she made into fists. She put one on top of the other and then looked thoughtful. "I haven't measured or anything but he's bigger than that by maybe two inches," she said, holding her fists up for Max. "I'll just say that it goes as deep as I want it to with no problem." El winked at her.

"I can't believe I'm talking about this with you right now! Remember when I spent the night that one time and was teasing you about being in a tent alone with Mike and you were so worried that I thought you'd had sex with him? And now you're telling me that he's good at making you come. My how things have changed." Max threw her head back and laughed, which caused El to join her.

"I sneak over to his house sometimes at night. I always call him to let him know and if his mom answers I say to tell him I found his socks. Well, that was what I said at first. He can't always be losing his socks so we change it up to other articles of clothing."

"Oh! So *that's* what you meant! I remember at school one day you telling him that you'd found his socks. It was so ordinary. I can totally see how that would fly right over Karen Wheeler's head." Max nodded, thinking that she might use that idea herself at some point in the future.

"Have you guys done anything while we were all in the room with you? Should I wash my hands every time I leave Mike's basement?"

El giggled. "We haven't had sex while you were there but we've done other things. Remember when all the board games were on the floor when everyone spent the night? That happened because of Mike's hands. I couldn't help it. I'm lucky I didn't blow out all the bulbs in the house. I'm actually surprised no one heard us."

"Have you done anything when we weren't asleep?" Max replayed several occasions in her mind and couldn't find anything that would make her think her friends had been fooling around while in her company.

"No. Don't you think that would be weird?" El asked.

"Not if we didn't know you were doing it. It might be fun for you to be risky like that."

El's eyebrows lifted. "That does sound like fun. When we were on the cliff Mike asked me what we'd do if someone climbed up there and saw us and honestly it was so hot to think about maybe getting caught."

"So he talks too? Can he ever shut up?" Max kidded.

"I definitely don't want him to stop talking when we're doing that. It's so hot when he talks dirty to me. I don't know why that is but it works."

"Do you talk back to him? I'm trying to imagine the kinds of things you two would say."

"I do but I'm not telling you what we say. That's just for us." El smiled mischievously.

"Okay, okay. You're no fun." Max tossed a pillow at El's head.

"I'll tell you just one thing. We like to describe what we're doing. You can use your imagination from there."

Max's eyes widened.

"Shit, El, that's *so not* what I would think you'd be like. I feel proud!"

"It's just because it's Mike though. I can't imagine loving anyone more than I love him. I'd do anything for him. I think the sex is better because we love each other so much."

"There's the El I know." Max smiled. "I hope Mike knows how lucky he got, having a super sweet superhero girlfriend who is apparently also a porn queen."

"Stop, I am not. Well, maybe for Mike I am."

The two girls laughed for five minutes straight.

Two weeks later, the middle of June, the entire Party was in Mike's basement going over their list of items they would be bringing on their trip. Mike was trying to talk, explaining how he had called the raft rental place in Illinois and was more aware of how the drop off and pick up would go but he kept getting distracted. El was wearing a red and gray plaid skirt that stopped around the middle of her thighs and Mike's eyes kept going to her legs. It didn't help that her white shirt was a little on the tight side. She had the top two buttons undone and had tied the bottom of the shirt which caused her abdomen to show. She caught him looking and smirked at him.

"Should we bring fireworks? We'll be there on the 4th of July," Dustin pointed out.

"They'd probably get wet," Max said.

"Maybe we'll still get to see some fireworks though," Will offered. "I bet there will be other people along the river. Maybe we'll get lucky."

"I vote no on buying fireworks. I'm afraid we'd just be wasting our money because Max is right, they'd probably get wet," Lucas nodded at Max, who nodded back in agreement.

"So we'll have three tents? I'm sharing with El but you guys can figure out what you're doing," Mike said from his chair. The boys had all been sitting around the D&D table while El and Max stood making faces over their heads, laughing at how serious they all were. El walked over to Mike and wordlessly sat down sideways on his lap, crossing her legs.

"Lucas and I can share," Max said. Lucas smiled.

"I'm fine with sharing with Dustin. He's a decent tent mate. You would think he'd take up a lot of space but he sleeps in a little ball and I have so much room." Will looked over at Dustin.

"Thanks, buddy!" Dustin grinned.

"Then we'll take three tents," Mike said, letting his hand rest on El's bare thigh. "We can make a list of foods we want to bring maybe near the end of next week. It's coming up fast. We can build fires but I'll also have my camp stove so we should be okay. My dad bought me a set of dry bags so if anything needs to stay dry it can. Not fireworks though, Dustin."

"Damn. Okay."

"My mom said everyone can spend the night here the night before we leave. Just two more weeks!" Mike was excited.

"Awesome. Can we watch the movie now?" Lucas asked.

Ted Wheeler had recently gotten a new La-Z-Boy recliner so his old one had been moved down to the basement, along with a love seat. The deal had been that if Ted got a new chair then Karen got a new love seat. So now the old love seat sat perpendicular to the sofa that was already in the basement. The chair fit at an angle beside the love seat that had just been moved down, all seating facing the television.

"I call the La-Z-Boy!" Will cried.

"Nope! El and I are sitting there. Maybe next time." Mike shrugged apologetically at Will.

Dustin inserted *Better Off Dead...* into the VCR and sat down on the love seat that Karen had sent to the basement.

"Oh, I meant to have you turn off the lights," Mike said.

"I've got it." With a flick of El's head the room went dark, the only light coming from the television.

"Show off," Max said from her spot on the couch, though El knew she was smiling when she said it, no malice in her voice.

Mike had the foot of the recliner kicked out and both he and El snuggled together. El's cheek was against his chest and her leg was over his, the chair only being big enough to accommodate both of them if they were very close. He had a blanket draped over them both because El had said she was cold upon starting the movie. Having her legs so close to his, feeling them against his own due to wearing shorts, was keeping Mike's mind more on El than on the movie they were watching. She shifted her leg higher and he moved his hand to her thigh. He moved slowly, not wanting to call any attention to himself. Everyone was watching the movie.

Mike kept his eyes glued to the television screen as his hand inched up El's leg. It was completely under her skirt. He felt her move a tiny bit and his hand climbed higher. He noticed that she had his t-shirt bunched into her fist. When Mike's hand finally arrived at his intended destination he was surprised to find that there was no barrier of panties that he would have to work around. El raised her head enough to smile at him seductively and then put it back down on his chest. Mike felt her shift away from him slightly, giving him more room.

He couldn't believe how wet she was already. He assumed that walking around with no panties on had contributed to her arousal. Running his fingers up and down her folds, he felt her move her head to his neck. He could feel her breath on his skin. He continued to watch the movie.

Slowly he started inserting his finger. He felt her lips on his neck, knowing she was trying to keep herself from making noise. After a few minutes he inserted another, his hands big enough that he could keep his thumb on her clit, his first two fingers stroking in and out of her, and his last two fingers tickling her ass as he moved his hand. Suddenly everyone laughed loudly at something in the movie.

"That's so good, Mike," El whispered in his ear, licking his earlobe before nuzzling her face back into his neck.

He pushed his hand in again and felt El move against him, riding his

fingers slowly, not making sudden movements. Mike kept his fingers inside of her, letting her use them how she wanted, and focused his attention on what his thumb was doing. He rubbed small circles on her most sensitive spot, knowing exactly what she liked and how much pressure she needed. He would tease her occasionally, pulling his hand away and then just lightly tracing his fingers over her outer lips. She was so warm. He wouldn't make her wait long though. When she kissed his neck again he resumed stroking inside her, feeling how she pushed down on his hand with her body.

It wasn't long before he felt her start to tighten around his fingers. Her fingernails were digging into his arm but he didn't stop. He knew she was trying everything she could to not cry out and alert everyone that she was getting finger fucked while they watched a movie. El pushed herself down onto his hand as she felt the waves course through her, coming hard, the threat of being caught by her friends spurring her excitement more.

She was shaking, little earthquakes of pleasure causing her to tremble. Mike held her close, kissing her forehead.

She recovered in time to watch the final ski race down the K-12.

"That movie was funny. El, did you like it?" Max asked.

El was still in a bit of a stupor. "I *loved* it."

Everyone was about to go home when Mike's mom appeared at the top of the stairs.

"El, you dad called and said that he wasn't going to be home until probably after 4:00 a.m. so I told him you could just sleep here tonight. Is that okay with you?" Karen waited for an answer.

Mike and El exchanged surprised glances.

"Um, sure, Mrs. Wheeler. That would be great. Thanks!"

"Mike will find you something to sleep in," she called down to them.

"I'm sure he will," Max snickered.

"Later, guys. Don't hurt yourselves." Dustin waved before heading out the basement door. Lucas and Max were behind him.

"Have fun, Queen El," Max said, winking at El and watching as color filled the girl's cheeks. Mike was oblivious to why El was blushing so hard.

As the others left Will started laughing.

"What's so funny?" Mike asked.

"Your mom. If she had any idea what was going to happen..." He shook his head. "I didn't want to say anything but I saw you in the chair during the movie. There's no way you'll be able to stay off of one another tonight. I'm sorry, I happened to glance over and it was kind of obvious from the look on El's face and how she was pressed into you. Sorry, El. I wasn't *trying* to look."

"It's okay, Will. Thanks for not saying anything while everyone was still here," El said, her eyes understanding.

"No problem. I'm gonna head out now. Have a great night!" Will shot them a quick wave before he disappeared into the warm night.

Mike and El were left alone in the basement.

"Um, do you want to go up to my room and find something to wear tonight?" Mike asked.

"Sure. Do you like this skirt?"

"I do. I want you to walk up the stairs ahead of me. Go slowly." Mike's eyes looked hungry.

El started up the stairs, making sure to sway her hips as she went. She looked back over her shoulder at Mike. He was four steps below her, bent forward slightly.

"Fuck, El. Your ass looks so good from right here. I can't believe you aren't wearing panties but I love it."

El stopped, letting Mike catch up to her. He was pressed against her



back, his hands on her waist. She could feel his lips graze her neck. She turned her head.

"Do you want to touch it? I'll let you," she whispered.

Mike groaned. The basement door was only three more steps away from them. He was powerless though and gingerly lifted the hem of her skirt, revealing her nude behind. He admired it for a few seconds before letting the fabric drop back down.

El felt his hands lightly touch the underside of her buttocks, squeezing gently. She could already feel herself getting wet again. He massaged and tickled, kissing her neck as he did so. El thought she was going to lose her mind. He was driving her crazy with his touches.

"Let's go get those clothes and tell your mom we're going to watch another movie." El was almost breathless.

"I'll tell her we're watching something scary and she won't come downstairs."

As Mike and El made their way from the basement to his bedroom, they encountered his mom in the kitchen.

"We're going to change into pajamas and then watch *Aliens* downstairs, is that fine?" Mike asked casually.

"If that's what you want to do. I don't know how you watch that stuff. Count me out," Karen said.

*That's my plan.*

"El, make sure he finds you something you're comfortable wearing. I know that all of his pajamas will be too big for you."

"I'm sure we can find something. Thanks again, Mrs. Wheeler." El smiled. Mike tugged her hand and they continued on their way to his room.

Mike found his own pajamas first, some light flannel pants and a Ghostbusters t-shirt. Knowing that all of his pants would be too big

and too long on El, he settled on just letting her wear one of his t-shirts. It would be longer on her than the skirt she was currently wearing. He made sure to find a comfortable one, landing on his softest Star Wars shirt. It was from *Return of the Jedi* and had Luke and Vader on it.

They took their clothes back down to the basement along with a couple of pillows and blankets. Mike's mom saw them as they started back down the stairs.

"Are you *both* sleeping down there? I'm not sure about that, Mike."

"These are just so we can be comfortable while we watch the movie. But we've spent lots of time alone in the woods together, Mom. I think we'll be okay with you and Dad upstairs. Right?" Mike's reverse psychology worked so well on his mother. "If we happen to fall asleep then I guess we'll just sleep down there."

"El, make him behave himself," Karen said.

"Oh, I plan to," El said back. Mike had to keep himself from laughing. El looked so earnest and pure.

"Enjoy your movie. Good night, El. I'm sure I'll be in bed by the time the movie is finished."

"Good night, Mrs. Wheeler."

Mike and El were finally free to continue their evening.

They changed in front of each other. Mike's eyes never left El's body as she lowered her skirt and then took off her shirt. She put his t-shirt on just in case they had to move quickly away from one another but she had no intention of just watching a movie with him. He had managed to get his shirt and shorts off but then had fallen into a trance while watching El undress. He was standing in the middle of the room in his boxers.

El crossed to him, pushing him backwards until his legs hit the sofa and he sat down. She straddled him, his boxers already tenting. She reached down to touch him on top of the fabric.

"God, I want you so bad. You looked so hot in that skirt. Did you forget your panties or did you do that just for me?" Mike asked. His hands were under the shirt she was wearing, cupping her breasts and gently squeezing, his thumbs grazing her nipples and feeling how hard they had gotten.

"That was for you. I hope you liked it."

"Fuck, I thought I was going to have to pull you into the bathroom and take you right then. But I liked having my fingers inside you while our friends were right there and could have caught us at any time." Mike pushed the shirt up over her head, letting it drop beside them. He kissed her chest.

"Mike, I need you to fuck me. Maybe later tonight we can do other things but right now, I need you to be inside me. Will you?" She asked so sweetly, grinding herself down on him while she ran her fingers through his hair. Shivers went down Mike's spine.

"Let me take these off." El moved off of him long enough for him to kick his boxer shorts down to his ankles so he could get out of them. Once he was free of them El climbed back on his lap, letting his cock rest between her folds, wanting to kiss him before they started. Mike pulled her closer to him, biting her bottom lip gently, eliciting a groan from her. Their passion was evident. Rushed, their lips voraciously crashing together, their tongues entwined.

El rocked forward and Mike felt himself slide into her. She was so slippery that it had happened without her trying to do it.

"You feel so good," El whispered. She didn't want to risk Karen actually investigating the basement.

"You're so *tight*. I like it when you ride me like this. I like to hold you while you do it. You make the sexiest faces," Mike told her in his own hushed voice.

"You like it when I grind down on your hard dick, when I'm trying to get it deeper?" As she said it she was also doing it. Mike was already buried deep inside her but when she pushed him in even more her whole lower body felt the most exquisite fullness.

"I like it when you make me fuck you deep. I'm going to make you come while you ride my cock right now but I'm not going to. I want to push you over the arm of this couch and fuck you from behind. Do you think you'd like that?" Mike was bucking his hips into her, meeting her body as she moved faster, rocking into him and tilting her hips to derive even more pleasure.

"You want to bend me over and slip your hard cock into me? You know you go deeper when you fuck me from behind. And you can do it really hard that way."

"You like it when I do it hard?" Mike asked. He could see from the look on her face that it wouldn't be long until he could do what they were currently talking about.

"Y-yes. I like it like this, like where I can r-ride you the way I want, taking my time and feeling all of you, but I like it when you take control too. I like it when you tell me what to do." El's hand gripped Mike's shoulders as she started circling her hips.

"Ride my cock, El. Can you feel it? Can you feel how deep it is? Do you want to come on me? You came really hard in the chair. That was so hot. Did my fingers feel nice?"

"Oh, fuck, Mike. They felt so good. Don't st-stop. I liked it when you t-teased me and then pushed your f-fingers back inside."

"Yeah, like I'm stuffing my cock inside you now." Mike pushed her down as held her on himself. She was still moving around, the depth of his dick combined with the friction of her pelvis against his causing her to feel her walls start to vibrate and tremble.

"I'm coming. I'm coming on you while you fu-fuck me. Pl-please don't stop. Mike! Oh, shit!" She stopped speaking, her eyes having closed and her head thrown back. Mike could feel her shaking on him. He pulled her into his chest and held her until she was no longer trembling. Finally she lifted her head. "Okay, what do you want me to do?"

Mike got up and pulled her to the end of the sofa, pushing her down over the arm gently. Her arms were resting on the cushion. She felt

him line himself up behind her. She looked back over her shoulder at him.

"I want you to take my cock."

"Give it to me then." El was still maintaining eye contact with him.

In one swift motion Mike was inside her. The anticipation of fucking her in the position he had her in had made his cock even harder and he buried it deep. Their thighs were touching he was in so far. They both moaned at the feeling.

"This is so hot. I like seeing your perfect ass while I fuck you. I can touch it, or I can do this." Mike slapped her ass cheek, surprising her. El found that she enjoyed it.

"Do that again," she breathed.

Mike slapped the other cheek. He did it a couple more times before he gently stroked where he had slapped, wanting to soothe the sting.

"El, this isn't going to take me long. You feel so good like this and you look so sexy. You're going to make me come." Wanting her to come again as well, Mike reached around to rub her.

"Oh, oh! Mike, please don't pull out. I'm going to come again. I'm thinking about what it looks like right now with you fucking me from behind and, and-"

"El! Oh, god, how do you always do that? Keep talking to me. I'm so close."

"Pull me against you. Get rough. Make me fuck you harder, Mike. Take what you want. Oh, fuck, I'm coming, Mike. Don't st-stop!"

"I'm coming too. Shit, I'm gonna come so hard. El!" Mike felt himself twitch before his vision tunneled and he felt his release from his head to his toes. They stayed in their position until Mike could breathe normally again.

Afterwards they snuggled on the sofa and did watch *Aliens*. They ended up sleeping down in the basement, taking advantage of being

alone together one more time that night.

"I hope you're as good at paddling as you are at everything else," El kidded Mike as they lay together in the dark.

"At least I'll have you to watch out for me." He kissed her cheek.

"That's true. And you always will."

**A/N: Jeez, I guess I've decided to own it. I hope people pay attention to the rating and the tags because it looks like I'm really embracing the smut in this one. They will be on the rafting trip in the next chapter so it will have some other excitement as well. If you're sticking with me, thankee! I really appreciate it. I hope it's enjoyable.**

### 3. Chapter 3

**The smutfest continues. It's like a saga but less classy.**

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The basement buzzed with excitement. The boys and Max were crowded around the D&D table looking at a map that Mike had spread out while they waited for El to arrive. They'd be leaving early the next morning on their way to Illinois to go rafting. After learning a week earlier that both Max and Lucas had bought backpacks, citing *peer pressure* from Mike and El, they had changed their plans slightly to include some hiking. Dustin was going to use El's old backpack since she'd gotten a new one and Will was using one that Jonathan had left at home, having purchased it so he could do nature photography and then deciding that wasn't what he wanted to photograph.

"The white water part is a stretch of nine and a half miles," Mike said, pointing at the map. "I talked to the guy that runs the rental place and told him that we wanted to camp too. He said that the white water section doesn't really have anywhere suitable for camping but that Matthiessen State Park, where the end point of our trip will be, has some great camping areas and trails. He said we wouldn't want our packs and stuff in the raft with us anyway because there wouldn't be room. We can do the rapids tomorrow and then find a camping spot tomorrow night. Then we can hike a trail the next day. He said there are a couple of nice waterfalls and we could go swimming. We can stay until we're ready to come home or until we run out of food."

"I have all the stuff you said to bring," Dustin said. "Is El's old backpack already here so I can load my things into it?"

"It's over there next to mine. It used to be Hopper's," Mike said. Dustin found it and started putting his clothes and sleeping bag inside.

"Where is El anyway?" Max asked.

As though she'd been summoned, El appeared on the stairs, gracefully descending them. She was smiling triumphantly and heading straight

for Mike.

"Hop told Flo about our trip and she said we could use her brother's van. She got it when he died but she doesn't need a van so it just sits in her driveway. Right now it's in *your* driveway. Want to go see?" El beamed up at Mike.

"Fuck yes!" Max answered for everyone.

Parked in Mike's driveway was a new-looking silver and black Chevrolet conversion van.

"There's enough room for all of us *and* our stuff!" El was so happy, grabbing Mike's arm.

"Wait, did Flo's brother die in the van?" Dustin asked as he opened the door to inspect the inside.

"No, nothing has died in it. He really liked it apparently. He took really good care of it," El replied.

Mike pulled her into him, her feet lifting from the ground slightly. "This is awesome. Thank you." He kissed her softly.

"You can thank Hop," she said quietly since her face was still pressed against his.

"I'm not kissing Hopper," Mike stated, causing El to giggle.

"What time do we need to leave in the morning, Mike?" Lucas asked. Mike set El back down, her feet landing softly on the pavement.

"We should try to be gone by 7:30. That should put us there before noon and then we can spend the rest of the day riding the rapids."

"Well if we're going to watch a movie then we should start that soon. We shouldn't stay up really late tonight," Will said, the voice of so much reason.

"Let's pack up then," Lucas said, heading back inside to grab his backpack. The others followed him. They had all kept the set of clothing they would be wearing the next day out of their backpacks so



that they wouldn't have to unpack everything the next morning to get dressed and could load the car the night before, allowing them more time in the morning.

When the van was all packed they went back inside to watch a movie before going to sleep. The girls went into the bathroom to change into their pajamas while the boys all changed in the basement.

"Are you excited?" Max asked El.

"I'm so excited. This is going to be so much fun! I'm also looking forward to getting to sleep against Mike for the next few nights."

Max laughed. "Now you won't be able to *not* fool around while we're all there."

"Maybe we already have." El shrugged, grinning at her friend.

"What? When? I was so sure I'd know."

"While we were watching the movie a couple of weeks ago. When Mike and I were in the chair together. You really didn't know?"

"No, I had no idea. I never heard anything weird," Max said, thinking back to when El and Mike had shared the chair. She remembered a blanket being over them but El always wanted a blanket. Max hadn't seen them moving in any strange ways. "What did you guys do?"

"Um, he slipped his hand underneath my skirt and then, well, you've seen his hands. You can use your imagination. I was very quiet, which was difficult. He's very good with his fingers."

"Damn. I still can't believe I didn't know."

The girls finally joined the boys back in the main room of the basement where Mike was standing in front of a shelf that held the basement movie collection.

"Okay, do we want to watch *Evil Dead 2* or *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*?" Mike asked. Lucas and Max had taken the love seat and Dustin was sitting on the end of the sofa closest to the television. El sat down on the middle sofa cushion next to Dustin.

"Ooh, *Evil Dead!*" Max said excitedly.

Everyone agreed so Mike inserted the tape and turned off the light. He took his seat next to El. She snuggled against him, pulling the blanket from the back of the couch over them. The basement sometimes got cold.

As everyone watched the screen Mike felt El's hand on his leg. It was innocent enough. He was sitting on the sofa with El snuggled against his right side. Her head was on his chest, turned toward the television. But then she slowly started to let her hand wander, her fingertips grazing his inner thigh, occasionally touching his scrotum lightly. He was getting harder by the second.

Mike felt her slide her hand through the fly of his pajama pants. He had forgone his underwear when he changed, making sure to be sneaky enough that the other boys didn't notice. Now he was glad he had. Her small hand was teasing him.

El was enjoying what she was doing. She didn't want to rush it and she liked feeling him twitch when she would barely touch him, hearing his breath hitch.

"Hop has a cabin kind of like that," El said, as though she wasn't slowly driving Mike wild with her hand. She was having a normal conversation while her fingers danced across the head of his cock.

"Does it have a cellar with demons in it?" Max asked. El laughed.

"No, but we should all go hang out there and watch scary movies some time. It would set the perfect mood." She started caressing Mike's hard cock, her thumb rubbing the head of his dick as her hand reached the top. She could feel him leaking already. She used the natural lubrication to her advantage, letting her hand become slick and then squeezing gently, using just the right amount of tension, and stroking the length a little faster. The blanket was still hiding what they were doing.

"Have you ever been there, Mike?" Lucas asked, looking directly at Mike who was leaned back slightly, El tucked against him. Mike didn't know if he would be able to speak.

He shook his head. "Uh-uh," was all he could manage.

El didn't let up. She wasn't just stroking him up and down, she was twisting slightly too, causing Mike to want to buck his hips forward, but he knew he couldn't.

"Shh! I want to hear this part!" Max chided.

Mike was grateful for Max taking attention away from him. He had slipped his arm around El and she had moved closer to him, her hand now moving at a much quicker pace. Mike felt her pull the skin down to the base of his cock but then somehow he continued to feel it pulled down while her hand was on the head of his dick, playing with it, her fingers brushing against his slit, which was leaking heavily by then. He felt her fingers skim down his shaft. He looked down at her and she felt his gaze, lifting her head to smirk at him. Mike realized she was holding his foreskin down with her mind while her fingers made him feel things he'd never experienced.

El was feeling Mike twitch every few seconds. She knew it wouldn't be long before she would feel him explode. He was squeezing her waist in an attempt to steady himself. Everyone was engrossed in the movie so El raised her head to look at Mike. His eyes met hers. He was biting his lip and El moved her hand faster. After a few seconds he leaned his head into hers, their foreheads touching, and El felt hot liquid jet out in a stream, covering her hand and the underside of the blanket. She kept pumping him until he was empty, listening as his jagged breathing became more regular.

When El finally did start paying attention to the movie she found it to be a little scary. She spent the remainder of it in Mike's lap so that she could both see the screen and hide her face in his neck. She liked how he had his arms around her too. She felt secure.

"I can definitely see how your dad slept in this chair a lot. This thing is *comfy*. I'm going to sleep in it tonight if that's cool," Will said when the movie was over. He was leaned back in the chair, a blanket pulled up around him.

"That's fine. Where is everybody else sleeping?" Mike asked. His mother had let him have all the quilts, blankets, and pillows he could

find so that they wouldn't need to unpack their sleeping bags.

"Does anyone care if I sleep here?" Dustin asked. He was still sitting on the sofa where he'd watched the movie.

"That's fine with me, man. I'm going to sleep in the floor. It reminds me of when we were little and we used to do this," Lucas said. He was in the process of laying out blankets to make a pallet.

"Then I guess I'll take the love seat," Max said. She got a pillow and a blanket from the pile on the floor where Mike had dropped them all.

Mike was busy making a bed for El and himself behind the love seat. After laying down three quilts he tested it and thought it was soft enough. He grabbed a big blanket to use as cover. El brought him two pillows, smiling knowingly at him.

The room had been dark for only a few minutes when Dustin spoke. "What if one of us falls out of the raft?"

"Then swim," Max said.

"We'll rescue you if you fall, don't worry," Mike said. El was already against him, her leg draped over his. They couldn't be seen from their place behind the love seat but they could still hear everyone.

"It's going to be so awesome. Just think, in a few more hours we'll be in a raging river having to navigate it all by ourselves. We'll be adventuring!" Will said, his excitement palpable.

"Good night, guys. Get some sleep," Lucas muttered.

After a few minutes more the room was totally silent. Mike was still holding El against him. He turned his head toward her a bit and she immediately started kissing him. He rolled them over, landing on top of her.

"Be super quiet," He whispered. His voice was so low he barely heard himself speak. El nodded. Mike pulled down her pajama pants, removing them completely. He was pleased when he reached between her legs and found that she was already drenched. He pushed his own pants down before coming to rest between her legs,

his cock pressed against her folds, the tip reaching her lower abdomen. He leaned back down to her, their lips meeting passionately, kissing slowly. Mike licked her neck as his head approached her ear.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" Spoken so lowly.

El squeezed her legs together, trying to pull him inside. She nodded at him, almost desperate. His chest against hers felt so nice, he had slid her shirt off and was pressed into her. She felt him ease back just a bit and then she felt the head of his cock penetrate her. He was going so slowly, kissing her deeply as he pushed himself inside. She could feel everything intensely.

She wanted to cry out, but she knew she couldn't. Mike always felt so *good* inside her though. She didn't know if she'd be able to be quiet the entire time. They had only just started and she already wanted to scream his name. Her predicament wasn't helped when Mike pulled out and turned her to her side, spooning behind her. He slipped himself back into her. The sensation of his hard dick sliding in from that angle made El instinctively bend forward at her waist, sending him even deeper. He was fucking her slowly from behind as they lay on their bed of blankets. He would push himself all the way in and hold himself there, allowing El to move around while he was buried inside of her. He knew she liked to feel completely full.

Mike pulled her back up, still fucking her. He fondled her breasts while he kissed her neck. She felt his breath near her ear.

"I want you to come as hard as I did earlier," Mike sighed. He pulled out, turning her once again, laying her down on her back on the blankets. His head lowered and then El felt his mouth on her, teasing her, making her writhe on the pallet. He was licking up and down but only using his tongue, frustrating her. It felt amazing but she needed to feel him balls deep inside her. He had been fucking her so well. She wanted more of that.

She tapped his shoulder and he looked up at her. Her eyes were pleading, her face looked so full of need. Mike knew he had teased her enough. He lined himself up, feeling her legs wrap around him, and then plunged back into her. After a few strokes he held her close

as he rolled them over once more, letting her be on top. He liked looking up at her as she used his cock to get herself off. He liked to watch her face and he knew she liked to be there.

El's hands were on his chest, using it to steady herself as she impaled herself on Mike's rock hard knob. Her breath was heavy as she felt every inch. She leaned forward to kiss him again, keeping his cock hidden deep inside her.

Mike moved his hands to her ass, squeezing gently, and felt El's walls start to rhythmically flutter around him. She pulled back, her eyes wide. Mike knew she was coming hard. Her lower lip was between her teeth and her brow was furrowed with intensity. He looked down to where he was joined with her, watching her continue to ride him. The sight combined with how sexy El's face looked was enough to send him over the edge. He pushed her down as he bucked his hips up into her, his second climax of the night making him see stars.

He held her as they regained their composure, both of them redressing when they were ready. El snuggled into Mike's side, his arm around her pulling her closer.

"I love you," she whispered before she closed her eyes.

Mike kissed her forehead. "I know. I love you too."

It was Will who woke everyone up the next morning. He was already dressed and almost bouncing with excitement. The others got up and got dressed, Dustin grumbling about needing food. El and Max were sharing the sink in the basement bathroom as they brushed their teeth.

"Sleep well?" Max asked. She was looking at El in the mirror, her smirk evident even behind the toothbrush that was in her mouth. She raised one eyebrow.

El blushed. "What did you hear?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just some heavy breathing. Oh and I heard Mike ask you if you wanted him to fuck you. That kind of let me know what was happening behind me. You do realize you two were like

less than two feet away from me on the love seat."

"I thought we were quiet." El hung her head.

"It's okay, I'm just messing with you. It didn't bother me. I don't want you to feel like you can't be yourselves around us. We're your friends. You weren't trying to be obvious."

"Thanks, Max."

"So what, were you two just doing like, missionary position?" Max asked.

"Um, well, among others. We like to switch it up," El confided.

"How many are we talking here for last night while you were right behind where I was trying to sleep?"

"Four or five I think? Is it considered a different position if he's in the same place but I move?" El wondered.

"Jesus! I have no idea. Four or five? What did you like best?" Max was learning a lot from El.

"My favorite is me on top but last night Mike spooned me and did it from behind. He was so deep. It felt really good."

Max had turned red. Hearing El describe her night was not something she had really expected to hear.

"Wow. You guys are going to have fun on this trip." Max laughed. The girls started to leave the bathroom.

"Yeah, I know. Mike said there were some waterfalls." El winked at Max. Max knew her intentions went beyond taking pictures of the falls.

After they all promised Karen for the twentieth time that they would be careful and look out for each other, they finally got on the road. Mike was driving with El in the front passenger seat. Everyone else was in the back. Since it wasn't even four hours away they decided that Mike would drive there and then Lucas would drive them home.

The van proved to be the perfect vehicle for them. Will had made several mixtapes and one was currently playing in the cassette deck. They all sang along. El was singing the loudest. She'd always liked this song.

*Jane says, have you seen my wig around?  
I feel naked without it...*

Once *Jane Says* was over the next song started immediately.

"Ooh, ooh, turn it up!" Will shouted from the back.

Everyone sang along with *Add It Up* by the Violent Femmes. Mike was driving but kept stealing glances at El. Everyone knew every word.

*Words to memorize, words hypnotize  
Words make my mouth exercise  
Words all failed the magic prize  
Nothing I can say when I'm in your thighs...*

Mike looked over at El, singing directly to her. She blushed but held eye contact.

The drive didn't seem long, Will's setlist making the time fly by, his song choices keeping everyone entertained and feeling upbeat. They were pulling into the raft rental place before noon.

After chatting with the owner and making sure the van would be waiting for them at the State Park where the take out point was, they were given a quick lesson on paddling in a raft and outfitted with life jackets and helmets. El asked the owner to take a picture of them all standing with their raft, the rushing water visible behind them. She didn't have a waterproof camera so they wouldn't have pictures of the actual rafting so this was the next best thing. He snapped several. He would be driving the van to the take out point so he offered to take a few more pictures of them as they paddled away. He could just leave the camera in the van when he parked it. It made El very happy that she would have pictures of them actually in the raft.

They started their journey. Mike and El were in the back, steering.



They could already hear the heavy rapids they were approaching. The water was moving more swiftly through the big rocks on either side of them. He looked at El.

"Here we go!" Mike grinned at her.

She was glowing with anticipation, her eyes full of excitement. She bit her lip and smiled at him.

"Bitchin'."

A/N: I so want to include the phrase *A-O River!* in this somewhere but it's too anachronistic. I love *Portlandia* (and I saw Sleater-Kinney open for Pearl Jam. I'm a Carrie Brownstein fan). The next chapter will see them taking on the rapids (hope they don't tump the raft but we'll see) and their first night camping. Maybe Mike and El can sneak away so they don't have to be so dang quiet. Thanks for reading (and I know you are, haha.) Much love to you all!

## 4. Chapter 4

A little fast paced action in this one, and then some smuffiness...that's smut that's kind of fluffy. Copyright Calpurnia011 2018 ;)

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As the raft got closer to the rapids everyone braced themselves, the crashing water combined with their increased speed causing the Party to tense with exhilaration. On either side of the vessel were large boulders and El and Mike were trying to keep the raft in the middle so that they didn't hit one. They all were quickly drenched by the splashing water as they bounced down the raging stream.

Mike looked over at El. She was leaned back slightly with her paddle in the water, using it as a rudder. Her face was wet but she was beaming, clearly enjoying herself.

After a while the water slowed a bit but they could still hear more rapids in the distance. The raft hit a small eddy where the water was flowing in the opposite direction, which caused them to stop moving and allowed them to catch their collective breath.

"That was awesome! I can't wait for more!" Will exclaimed

"I think there may be a drop off coming up. I'm not sure if it's in this next set or the one after next. So we should be ready for that," Mike said.

"What happens if we fall out? Or if *all* of us fall out?" Dustin asked.

"Point your feet in the direction the water is flowing and we'll pick you up when we get to you. But try not to fall out," Mike told him.

"I wonder how far it drops?" Lucas thought aloud.

"Let's paddle out of this and find out." Max started to paddle. Everyone followed her lead.

They were soon moving along the river again, all seated on the sides of the raft. Mike and El were in the back, Dustin and Will in the

middle, and Max and Lucas sat in the front. Everyone paddled along and quickly started to notice the movement of the water speed up. Max almost fell over the front of the raft when they hit a boulder directly but she hung on and the boat bounced over the rock, spray hitting their faces. Their paddles were really just things to hold by then, the current carrying them swiftly over the rapids, but in the slightly slower parts they had gotten decent at using the paddles so when they needed to the whole operation went more smoothly. They had been floating for a little over two hours. El was surprised at how tired she was already. The raft company owner had told them that the trip usually took around three hours but with the water moving so fast she thought maybe they'd finish it quicker.

"I see something up ahead!" Lucas cried. He had to yell to be heard above the roaring water. "I think it's that drop off Mike was talking about!"

They all peered ahead, the raft continuing at a quick pace toward where everyone's eyes were currently trained. About thirty yards ahead of them the river seemed to disappear, the water no longer visible after a set of small rocks. As the raft got closer they all prepared themselves to drop, hanging on as best as they could to the rope that went along the inside of the boat.

"Oh shit! It's bigger than I thought!" Lucas yelled.

"That's what she said!" Dustin called back. He hadn't yet seen how far the drop was.

The raft reached the side of the drop off and then flew out over the small cliff before tipping forward on its descent. They had felt like they were soaring but in actuality their raft hadn't gone far and as it landed back in the water it heaved and bounced, the waterfall behind them causing it to be pulled backwards. Paddling furiously, everyone tried to get away. El was pulling her paddle as hard as she could and didn't notice Mike's head slip under the falling water, which forced him out of the raft, tumbling from the back.

"Mike!" Will screamed. El turned and Mike was gone. Without even thinking she stood up and jumped into the water from the back of the raft, disappearing under the falls. The force of her pushing off with

her legs caused the raft to be sent forward enough that the others could get out of the vortex. Together they pulled the boat over to the side of the river where there was a small strand. Horror filled their faces as they scanned the waterfall and the surrounding water for Mike and El.

When El jumped in all she could think about was getting to Mike as quickly as possible, fearing that he hadn't had time to catch a good breath before being submerged. The water was churning and making it hard to see so she closed her eyes, reaching out with her mind to find her love. He came into view in her head and she swam in his direction. He was at the bottom of the falls, being held in place by the force of the water. El grabbed his arm and pulled, using all of her power. She was so afraid that he'd taken in water and was drowning. In another few seconds they breached the surface, both of them exploding from the pool under the falls. El swam to the bank with Mike in tow, her face a picture of worry. She pulled him onto a rock and started doing rescue breathing.

*Please breathe, please breathe*, El thought as she breathed into Mike. He started to sputter and El turned his head to the side so the water could come out. After a few minutes he sat up. Their friends were just a little ahead of the rock that El had hoisted Mike onto, watching the scene unfold and feeling relieved that their paladin seemed like he was going to be okay.

El hugged Mike, finally starting to cry at the realization that she could have easily lost him.

"It's okay. You saved me. You always do." Mike held her close to him and her grip tightened.

El sniffled, pulling back enough to look at him. "Why do waterfalls always seem to get us into trouble?"

Mike wiped some mud from her cheek with his thumb gently and chuckled. "How about we make the next one we see memorable for better reasons?" He grinned slyly. El kissed him.

"Hey, are we going to finish this now that Mike's not dead?" Max called to them after giving Mike a few minutes to recover. Having

seen him smiling at El she felt like he was going to be fine. They had the raft poised to reenter the water when the couple joined them once more. Mike and El slid off the rock, letting the current carry them to their friends. The water had slowed after the drop, making it easy to grab on to the outstretched hands of Lucas and Dustin who were waiting to pull them out of the river.

"Glad you're okay, buddy. That was *scary*," Dustin said as he pulled Mike ashore.

Mike was met with hugs from everyone, even Max.

"You're lucky you have El," Max said, then her voice softened. "Don't ever forget that, Wheeler."

They piled back into the raft and continued their quest, adrenaline still potently running through them all. The rapids got a little fast and precarious once more but there were no other drops and they navigated themselves between boulders like seasoned professionals. El looked over at Mike every three seconds to make sure he was still beside her, feeling new relief every time she saw him. After a couple of bends of the river, one of which moved the raft close to a giant rock and caused everyone to have to paddle hard to keep from hitting it, the water evened out and the rocks became fewer. Ahead on the bank they could see a couple of canoes and a truck higher up on the grass, clearly the take-out point. As they pulled onto the bank, the man from the rental place got out of the truck and made his way down to meet them. He gave Mike the keys to the van once everyone had helped get the raft up to the truck. Once they were out of the river they could see their van parked in the shade of a tree.

"I'm so tired now," Mike said as they made their way to their vehicle.

"You'll feel better once we eat something. I know I will. Hey doesn't this park have like a lodge or something? We could maybe eat at a real restaurant before we start hiking. Reward ourselves for what we just did. Hell, reward *El* for saving our boy," Dustin offered.

"It does have one. We can drive over to it and then head out from there when we're finished eating. I want to change into dry clothes first though," Mike replied. Everyone agreed. The boys let El and Max

change in the van while they quickly slipped on dry clothes in the shade of the tree.

Feeling a bit drained, Mike let Lucas drive them to the park's lodge where the restaurant was located. He and El snuggled in the very back of the van on the ride over. El was still feeling like she needed to touch him every few seconds to make sure he was really there.

When they pulled into the parking lot of the lodge they saw that it was indeed a lodge. It was rustic looking but clearly had been recently renovated. The group entered through the front, noticing a gift shop immediately. The restaurant was to their left and the hotel was down the right corridor. Once they had ordered their food, burgers for everyone with house-made potato chips, they sat back and enjoyed the view from a large window that looked out onto the gorge that the river snaked through.

"Mike, dude, were you panicking under that water?" Will asked. Mike was sunk into his chair, the adrenaline finally gone, feeling very sleepy.

"It all happened so fast. One second I was paddling and I thought I could push the paddle down hard and pull but when I leaned back my head went into the water falling down and it knocked me all the way in. I can't remember a lot after that. I know I was on the bottom of the river though. I could feel the rocks jutting into my back while the water kept holding me down. I don't think I'd be telling you this if El hadn't jumped in to find me."

"She was up and out of the boat before I even knew for sure what happened. Will yelled because he was the one who saw you fall in and El was up before I could even turn around. I saw her head disappear and then understood," Dustin explained.

El had been quiet, which wasn't unusual for her, but she looked tired as well.

"What if we could stay here tonight and then start the second part of our trip tomorrow?" Mike wondered.

"The fourth of July is the day after tomorrow. Do you think they'd

have any rooms left?" Lucas asked. "Also, I don't know if we have enough money to stay here."

"Ah, but you see, that's where my mother's love for me comes in," Mike grinned before continuing. "I can call her and tell her what happened and how El saved me and how tired we are and I'm sure she'll foot the bill. She loves all of you."

No one could negate that fact. The more they thought about it, the more tired they felt themselves.

"Go call her, Mike, before our food comes. Do it from the front desk so you can see if they have any rooms left and if they do let her know and she can give them her credit card information over the phone," Dustin told him.

Mike left the table and headed toward the front desk.

"El, are you okay?" Max asked. She had noticed how lost in thought El had seemed ever since bringing Mike back up to the surface.

"He was limp when I found him," El spoke softly, "just lying on the bottom, pinned by the falls. The water was just pummeling his face. I thought surely I was too late so I used all my force and pushed him out of there but when he wasn't breathing I almost panicked. I knew I couldn't panic though and I got him to breathe again but I keep replaying it in my head. If Mike hadn't made it I... I don't know what I'd do." A single tear slipped down El's cheek.

"But he *did* make it, because of *you*. He's okay, El. You made sure he was okay." Will patted her back. Everyone else agreed.

When he asked about rooms for the night, the front desk clerk had told Mike that there were only two rooms available, one with one bed and one with two double beds. Mike asked him to hold the rooms for just a few minutes while he phoned his mother.

Karen Wheeler listened to her son tell her how he had fallen backwards out of the raft after the drop of about fifteen feet over some raging falls. He told her that El had jumped in and saved him, locating him at the bottom of the river. He told her how El had given

him rescue breathing and how the entire ordeal had made everyone very tired. She had him hand the phone to the desk clerk where she proceeded to give him the information necessary for Mike to be able to secure the two available rooms for the night. The clerk handed the phone back to Mike and Mike thanked his mom, promising there would be no more near-death experiences on the vacation. The clerk handed him the room keys and Mike made his way back to the dining room of the restaurant.

The food had only arrived mere seconds before Mike took his seat at the table. Everyone looked at him expectantly.

"Well?" Max asked.

"They had two rooms left but one is a single and the other is a double. If it's okay, El and I will take the single and you guys can have the other room."

"Really? Man, that's awesome. I'm excited to go hiking and camping and all but I don't think I could do it tonight, not after today. My arms are sore. Hell, my ass is sore," Dustin said, looking grateful.

"Your mom is the best!" Lucas added.

Mike felt El take his hand under the table. She laced her fingers into his, using only one hand to eat her food. He squeezed it back. He could tell she was still feeling shaken by what had happened in the water. He was fine but he knew she was reassuring herself.

"Let's ask for extra towels before we go find the rooms. It's already a little after 5:00 and I'm sure we'll all want to take showers. I know I do," Will said around a mouthful of burger.

"I'm sorry that the rooms aren't on the same floor. You guys have room 401 and we're in 217," Mike informed them.

"I don't care. I just want to get clean, sleep for a while, and start fresh in the morning. What time are we thinking?" Max asked.

"Well, the trail is a loop that is about ten miles long. I don't want to sprint or anything. There are two waterfalls on shorter hikes that branch off the main one so I wanted to see those. Maybe we can find



a good camping spot near one of them and camp there tomorrow night. We can go swimming where the falls empty. It won't be like today. It's calmer there. We just need to stop hiking with enough daylight left to set up our camp, the tents and fire and stuff. So we don't need to be gone from here at the break of dawn. We can sleep in a little. Let's meet in the lobby at 10:00 a.m."

There was no disagreement. Sleeping in beds and taking a shower sounded good to everyone.

El was yawning, trying to keep up with the conversation but feeling fatigued. Using her powers when she was happy and having fun was one thing; using them when she was afraid and close to panic was quite another and now she felt like she might not be able to walk to the room on her own legs. Mike could feel her grip starting to slack on his hand, which she was still holding.

"She's going to fall asleep if we sit here much longer. Let's go get our stuff out of the van," Mike said. El smiled weakly at him.

"Hey, Mike? Why don't I take her to your room and drop her off and then I'll come down and help. She's done enough today," Max suggested.

Mike handed her the room key and watched Max help El along. The boys paid for the food and went out to the van to start getting their packs. Max joined them a few minutes later.

"She okay?" Mike asked Max.

"She's lying on the bed. I got her shoes off at least. Maybe she'll feel like taking a shower after she rests for a little while. You should make her feel like she'll never lose you, dude. The thought of that ever happening is breaking her a little bit."

"I'll try my best." Mike was determined.

Dustin, Will, Lucas, and Max all took the elevator to the fourth floor while Mike climbed the stairs two at a time and was on the second floor before the others had even stepped off the elevator. When he entered his room, El was asleep on the bed, curled up on her side.

Mike quietly set their bags down and took off his shoes, still wet from earlier. Everyone had boots for the hike so at least the wet shoes wouldn't have to be worn again. Max hadn't pulled back the covers for El and she was lying on top of them so Mike looked in the closet and found a blanket. He gently draped it over her, making sure her shoulder was covered, and then went into the bathroom to take a shower.

The bathroom was steamy from the shower temperature, Mike had shampoo in his hair already, suds slipping down his back. His eyes were closed, trying to keep the shampoo from dripping into them. Since he was facing away from the shower curtain he didn't see it move to the side, allowing El to enter the tub behind him. He didn't know that she was there until he felt her small hands slide around his waist, her head resting against his back.

"I thought you were asleep." Mike turned around, wrapping his arms around her.

"I was. I heard you and I wanted to be here."

"Want to help me get the shampoo out of my hair?" Mike was trying to make her smile, knowing that he was far too tall for her to be able to realistically rinse the shampoo from his hair.

"I'd probably slip trying to reach you." A small smile did start to spread across her face.

"But what if I did this?" Mike put her arms around his neck and picked her up easily by her legs, lifting her until their faces were at the same level. El wrapped her legs around his waist to help hold herself up. "Now you can reach me." His face was an inch away from hers.

El tilted his head back gently, allowing the spray of the shower to hit his hair. She used her fingers to massage the soap away, making sure to get it out thoroughly. When she had finished Mike set her back down. He turned around so that her own head was under the faucet, wetting her hair. He began to wash her hair, working the shampoo into her locks.

"I'm really okay, El. I have you, so I'm better than okay. I don't want you to be down because of what happened," Mike whispered softly as he continued to wash her hair. Her shoulders were sudsy and she could feel the soap slipping down her body, feeling the grime of the scarier events of the day start to wash away.

"I know. I just can't stop thinking about what might have happened if I hadn't jumped in."

"You can't worry about things that *might* happen or you'll drive yourself crazy, El. You can only concentrate on the things that *did* happen and what happened was that you saved my life. Again. That's what you do." Mike still wanted to lighten the mood. He grinned down at her before kissing her tenderly. "You're the Savior of Misbehavior." El finally giggled, letting her face fall against his chest. A few seconds later she looked up at him, the shower water still feeling very warm.

Mike leaned his head forward until his lips brushed against hers. She put her arms around his neck again and El felt his hands slide under her thighs, lifting her once more. This time seemed less functional than when she was rinsing his hair though. He had started to get hard and she could feel him, her legs wrapped around his waist while her mouth latched on to his. She couldn't get enough of kissing him. She knew that Mike was right, that she shouldn't worry about things that *might* happen but in the moment of kissing him she thought about what it would be like to never get to kiss him again. She let the idea spur an insatiable need for his lips.

Mike leaned her against the wall of the shower, the porcelain tiles feeling warm against her back, matching the temperature of the spray of water almost. She let herself drop slightly, feeling him against her, ready. She was feeling ready herself, had wanted this since she stepped into the tub with him, but now she wasn't feeling as sad. She was feeling more confident.

El tilted her hips forward, trying to rub herself against Mike's erection, which was at full mast. Mike noticed and moved his cock closer to her opening.

"Is this what you want?" He asked, his mouth on her neck, sucking,

making her wriggle in her effort to get closer to him.

"After what happened today, I think I *need* it. Please, Mike? Make me feel good." Her voice was so sweet, Mike's mouth found hers again.

"I'll always give you what you need, El." He pulled back enough to look into her eyes, his face dead serious. "Anything."

El reached down between their legs, taking his hard dick in her hand. She playfully squeezed it before positioning it where she wanted it. All Mike would have to do was push himself in.

"This is what I need right now."

Mike groaned and pushed in, sliding easily inside. He held himself there while El adjusted her hips, getting more comfortable. He wanted to lift her and drop her back down on himself but El clearly wanted to be closer, pulling herself to him, their chests squeezed together. She was holding him tightly. She knew what she was doing though and soon Mike felt her start to move, rolling her hips and causing him to be pulled inside more. Every movement she made caused more pressure to build. Mike knew when he came it was going to blow his mind.

"God, El, you feel so good." Mike leaned her back against the wall and started thrusting in rhythm to her hip rolling.

"Oh, Mike! Keep doing that. This is amazing." El rolled her hips faster, dipping deeper. Mike matched her.

"Do you want to come on my cock? Because you're about to make me explode. You look so hot with this water dripping down you and you feel so good."

El looked at him then, still rolling her hips, her mouth slightly open.

"I...I...M-Mike. You f-feel so...oh! Ohhh!"

"Yeah, that's it. Come on my cock. It feels so good when you do. I like how you keep going even after. Oh, fuck, El!"

El leaned forward, still trembling, but wanting to kiss him while he

released into her. Her lips met his and he kissed her intensely, almost suctioning them together. El felt him finally stop twitching inside her and he started to let her slide back down to her feet. She hugged him close as her feet reached the tub, the water still hitting them.

"You'll always have me, El. I'm yours. I don't want you to ever worry about that, okay?" Mike rubbed her back as they stood in the shower.

"Okay. I'm sorry I got all weird."

"No, that's understandable. If it had been you I would have lost my shit. I get it. Let's get out before the water gets cold."

They dried off and got dressed, both feeling tired but so much better than when they'd first gotten to their hotel room.

As they lay in bed snuggled closely, feeling sleepy, El started to giggle.

"What?" Mike asked.

"*Savior of Misbehavior*? I don't misbehave that much."

"Well we're going to change that in the next couple of days. I already know some things I want to do while we're in the woods. I hope we still have friends when it's over." Mike laughed.

"Oh really? Like what?"

"I'll surprise you. Do you trust me?" Mike looked at her, asking honestly.

"You know I do. I don't want to scare our friends though."

"They won't be like, *scared*, just maybe they might see, probably will definitely *hear*, a side of us they haven't before."

"Hmm, interesting. Just so you know, Max heard us in your basement last night. She was cool about it. They won't be mad at us. And you'll always have me no matter what." El leaned in and kissed him sweetly.

She was yawning a second later so Mike turned off the lamp.

"Night, El." As El cuddled close to him, he kissed her forehead. It wasn't even 8:00 yet and they weren't meeting their friends until 10:00 the next day. Mike planned on taking full advantage of the hotel room at least twice more before they started their hiking excursion. He fell asleep thinking about something he was carrying in his backpack and how he was going to present it to this amazing person lying beside him with her head on his chest.

**A/N: It's not an engagement ring. They're not there...yet. I hope the rafting part seemed somewhat realistic. Next they're going into the woods, and you know what happens when Mike and El are in the woods. Thanks for reading. Let me know what you think if you want to. Fun times ahead.**

## 5. Chapter 5

By the time Mike and El met their friends in the lobby the next morning, El was once again feeling like herself and ready to take on the next phase of their adventure. Her lingering fears and worries that had been awakened by Mike's unscheduled near-death experience had been washed away by Mike. They had spent the night alternating between sleeping and full-on, all-out lovemaking and now she was feeling quite loved and happy.

"Are we ready to do this?" Will asked excitedly as Mike and El approached. The rest of the Party had gotten to the lobby a few minutes earlier.

"Yes!" El told him, her smile wide and her spirits high.

The group exited the lodge and walked east to the beginning of the loop they were going to hike and camp on for the next two days. It wasn't far.

Max was walking next to El, she had them hang back a few steps.

"So are you feeling better? You certainly look happy this morning." Max raised an eyebrow at El.

El blushed. "I'm feeling so much better now."

"Aww, did Mike kiss it and make it all better?" Max asked jokingly.

"Among other things," El smirked back. "He was very reassuring. I'll just say that."

"You two are going to keep all of us up all night," Max laughed.

"I don't know. Mike said he has something planned. Maybe you won't hear us at all. But we'll try to keep you in mind." El winked at Max.

A few minutes later they had reached the trailhead. They hiked single file along the trail, stopping occasionally to take a picture.

"Sand people always ride single file to hide their numbers," Dustin

snickered, prompting the entire group to laugh.

Occasionally they would stop so that El could snap a few pictures of the entire Party, using her timer so she could be in the shots as well. She had lots of candid shots of her friends hiking the trail. After hiking for a few hours, not wasting energy by going too quickly, Mike noticed the blaze that signaled the trail that branched off the main one and led to a waterfall. Everyone followed. Dustin pointed out different species of trees and flowers. About a mile from the main trail they could faintly hear the sounds of water crashing. It got louder the longer they hiked.

The trail opened up, revealing a medium sized pool that was fed by a waterfall. Since there had been rain recently the falls gushed over the cliff above them but at a much gentler rate than they had experienced in the river. The waterfall itself was about five or so feet wide and they could see it splashing off the rocks. The overhead sunlight refracting off the water droplets caused a rainbow effect, adding to the appeal.

"Wow, this is breathtaking!" Max said in awe.

"We should find somewhere close by to set up camp and then we can come back and go swimming," Mike said, not having taken his eyes off of El, who was watching the falling water with a look of wonder.

About a five minute walk away from the pool and waterfall they found the perfect campsite. It was flat enough and large enough to accommodate three tents while still seeming secluded, with a windbreaker of boulders at the back and a few smaller boulders spread around but not too far apart from one another. Mike looked at his watch. It was a little after 3:00.

"Okay, well, this will be awesome. Why don't Lucas and I start on the tents and Will and Dustin can build a fire pit. If you build it there in the middle of those little boulders we can use the rocks as seats around the fire." Mike pointed to a broken log that was at the edge of the campsite. "If there aren't a million bugs on that log we can use that to finish our seating."

"We'll go find some firewood," El offered as she and Max started their



task.

When Max and El were out of earshot of the boys, El asked Max how she felt about their sleeping arrangements.

"So you're sharing a tent with Lucas again. Have you guys done anything?" El asked.

"Not really. I mean, we've done some stuff but I'm not totally sure I want to do everything with him. I like him and I like being friends with him but I don't know if it'll ever be like what you have with Mike. I want something like that. I'm keeping an open mind about it though. I'm not saying I'm definitely never like, going all the way with him. I'm just saying that right now I don't have the certainty I was hoping I'd have."

"That's totally okay. It's not something you should rush. Mike and I are just lucky. I know I'll never love anyone as much as I love him or in the same way like I know that my hair is brown or that trees are plants. It's just *fact*. And I think he feels the same way."

"You *think*? El, that boy would walk through fire for you. He is completely smitten." Max picked up some firewood as she spoke.

"So am I," El said quietly. They had amassed a nice pile of wood and El was using her powers to help them bring it all back to the camp. Surprisingly, they hadn't seen anyone else on the trail, not even at the waterfall. It felt nice to be alone, just them and the woods.

When the girls got back to camp two of the tents were already up and Mike was working on his own tent. El noticed that he had chosen to set it up across from the others and she giggled to herself.

*As though that will make us seem quieter.*

"Need any help?" El asked. Mike was struggling with a tent pole.

"I've almost got it. You can spread the sleeping bags out in a minute when I'm finished if you want." Mike smiled and winked at El.

El found the sleeping bags and started zipping them together so she could set up the inside of the tent once Mike was finished. The others

were busy putting their own bags in their tents. Lucas had already put wood in the fire pit but they were going to wait until they got back from swimming to actually start the fire. Finally Mike had the tent set up so El crawled in and arranged their sleeping bag.

"I don't know about you guys but I'm going swimming," Dustin announced. He disappeared into his tent and emerged a couple of minutes later wearing his trunks and his hiking boots.

"Ooh, I'm next!" Will called, doing the same as Dustin.

Lucas waited like a gentleman outside the tent while Max changed into her swimsuit. When she was finished he quickly put on his trunks.

Mike and El changed together.

"Swimsuit and hiking boots, you wouldn't think that would be a hot combination but you are making it work." Mike pulled El across the tent and kissed her, causing her to break into a fit of giggles.

"Oh, no, not this time. I want to go swimming so *that's* what we're doing," El said, a sly smile spreading across her face.

"Do we just do what *you* want to do?" Mike asked amusedly.

"It's been working for us so far," El grinned.

"God, I love you." Mike kissed her once more.

"I know. Let's go." El was out of the tent before Mike could get off his knees. She waited for him and they made their way down to the waterfall to find their friends.

They could hear the voices of the Party before they could see the water. They rounded the bend and saw that it was still only the six of them. They had the entire area to themselves.

"How deep is it? Think I could jump off the waterfall?" Lucas was asking.

"I don't know, man. Let me dive down and see how far I can go."

Dustin disappeared under the water. After a few seconds his head popped back up. "Nope, it's nowhere near deep enough. You'd totally break something and end up like Mike in the summer after fourth grade."

"What is he talking about?" El asked Mike.

"I broke my ankle once. Dustin tells the story better. He can tell it when we get back to camp," Mike replied, thinking to himself that Dustin had unwittingly set up something very important for him. He reminded himself to hug him later.

The boys were taking turns jumping into the water from a rock on the side of the pool. Dustin had deemed the water deep enough for that. Max watched them, knowing all the while that she could best them if she joined the contest. El swam back to the waterfall, letting the falling water wet her hair like a shower. She had noticed the closer she got to the water that there was a space behind the falling water. If one wanted to, one could easily stand behind it and still have room without being hit by water. She filed the information away in her mind.

Mike couldn't look away from El, seeing how the sun hit her upturned face. Her eyes were closed as she relaxed against a rock that was just under the edge of the falls. Mike was swimming toward her before he even realized it, unconsciously drawn to her.

El heard him approaching but continued to sunbathe. She could see him in her mind so she knew exactly where he was. Without opening her eyes she reached for his hand, threading her fingers into his effortlessly.

"Having fun?" Mike asked.

"Mm-hmm. It's so nice here. I can't believe it's just us," El said, finally opening her eyes to look at him.

"I was thinking maybe later tonight we could come back here? Just you and me?" Mike asked.

"What did you have in mind?" El was coy, she had her ideas. She slid

off her rock, her arms moving around Mike's neck. Mike could easily touch the bottom of the pool but El couldn't so he held her up.

"I actually have something for you and I wanted to give it to you. I don't want to do it in front of the guys, not that it's embarrassing, because it isn't, but I wanted to give it to you alone. It's kind of special."

"A present? What is it?" El was more excited now. Mike laughed.

"No way, I'm not telling you now. I have a whole story to go along with it. I'll bring you back here when it's dark and we'll see where the night takes us." They were nose to nose, only their heads above water.

The whole Party played in the water for a couple of hours before Dustin and Will complained that they were both hungry. The mention of food made the others realize they were hungry as well so they all headed back to camp. Lucas started the fire while everyone changed into dry clothes and then went to change himself, having Will watch the fire and feed it more firewood until it was blazing.

Mike's parents had gifted him a new set of camping cookware that stowed away into itself and took up very little pack space while still being large enough to cook for five to six people. They had also bought him a folding grate to set over a campfire so that he could cook. He set the grate on the fire, making sure it was level, and then took the largest pot and filled it with water. Once the water was boiling he poured in enough dried pasta for everyone. While it boiled he used the skillet his set had come with to heat the marinara. The jar of sauce had been a luxury and was a little heavier than he'd normally like to carry but he'd wanted everyone to have a nice time so the added ounces of weight weren't a big deal. El had carrot sticks in her pack that everyone munched on while the real dinner was cooking.

They were all sitting around the fire on the log that Will and Dustin had carried over from the edge of camp and the small boulders they had built the fire in the center of. Mike marveled at how well the setup had worked out. They were almost sitting in a perfect circle. When the pasta was finished they took turns making their plates and

then sat together talking and laughing.

"What were you saying about Lucas ending up like Mike, Dustin?" El asked.

"What? When?" Dustin had forgotten.

"When Lucas wanted to know if the water was deep enough to jump into. You said he'd end up like Mike in the summer after fourth grade," El reminded him.

"Oh yeah! Mike, should I tell your lady the story?" Dustin asked.

"You tell it best, like the bard that you are."

Dustin smiled. "Okay, so the summer after fourth grade we all played together every day, obviously, and one day we decided to build a ramp for our bikes. Will had the flu so he wasn't there. We built the ramp in Lucas' garage and it was pretty sweet. When we ramped off we could get our wheels like almost two feet in the air."

"Ooh, you daredevils!" Max chided.

"You hush, we were ten. It felt to us like twenty feet. Anyway, we were having so much fun and we were catching air and trying to do tricks. But the fifth or sixth time Mike went off the ramp he tried to turn his handlebars and be all fancy and when he landed he crashed and slid across the pavement, his bike landing on top of his leg. He was screaming in agony. Lucas and I were like *oh, shit!* and then Lucas kicked in his speed and ran to Mike's to tell his mom. We were basically right in front of their houses on Maple Street. Karen ran out a minute later to see and then she yelled at me to call an ambulance, which I did. Mike was white as a ghost. Lucas and I lifted the bike off of him and we heard the sirens a minute or so later. Karen rode in the ambulance with him, telling us to go tell Nancy where she was and to watch the baby. When we saw Mike again three days later he was in a cast."

"Does it still hurt?" El asked, looking at Mike with worry and love.

"They fixed me all up. It took a surgery with six screws and a plate but by the next summer I was as good as new. It doesn't ever hurt."

Mike kissed her hand, which had found its way into his own as Dustin told the story.

"Do you still have metal in your leg?" El asked, thinking of how much that might hurt.

"They removed it. Since I was a kid and hadn't really hit my growth spurt yet they took everything out when I healed so that my bones wouldn't have anything in their way. If I'd been grown already they probably would have left everything in place. I got to keep the screws and the plate though," Mike told her. He watched the relief wash over her face.

"You *would* think that's cool," Max said.

"It *is*!" The boys all said at the same time. Everyone burst into laughter.

They finished their meal and cleaned everything up. They sat around the fire talking for a long time. The sun had set an hour before and it was dark in the forest except for their fire.

"Where is everyone hoping to go to school next year?" Will asked, poking the fire with a stick. "I'm going to try to get into NYU like Jonathan. I think that would be a good fit for me."

"I'd like to live in a bigger city," Max said. "New York could be cool. Or Boston. I could go back to California but I feel like a different person now than the girl who came from there. I don't really know yet. What about you, El?"

El looked at Mike. "Um, well I haven't applied anywhere yet but I always thought maybe Harvard. But really I want to be where Mike is, even if it isn't the same school. I want it to be the same city."

"I'll go wherever you'll be, El. I can apply to Harvard, or Boston College, or MIT, or Boston University. We can be together." Mike smiled.

"Hey, I was going to apply to MIT," Lucas said. "Wouldn't that be awesome if we all lived in the same town?"

"It would be," Dustin said. "I've actually been thinking of going to Boston College since I went there for a biology camp one summer. My grandma paid for it. It's at the very end of the trolley line and isn't as busy as downtown. It's so pretty, and they have a great biology department. It would be so cool if we all lived there!"

"I guess we should get on board then, huh, Will?" Max said. Will laughed.

"It can't hurt to look into it," he said, yawning.

Everyone was getting sleepy. Hiking all day and then swimming had tired them out. Dustin offered to watch the fire for a while until it died down enough to not be a threat to the surrounding forest. Max and Lucas went to their tent and Will climbed into his.

"I need to get something and then do you want to go for a walk?" Mike asked El. She nodded. Mike went into the tent and came out with a flashlight.

"Don't wait up. We'll find our way back. We're not going far," Mike told Dustin, who gave them both a knowing grin.

Mike and El walked hand in hand and soon found themselves back at the pool with the waterfall. Mike led her to a ledge overhanging the pool, the falls at their side. Moonlight was spilling into the water, its light reflected and illuminating the falling water, creating quite a romantic setting. They sat on the ledge and let their legs dangle off the edge.

"You know that bracelet I gave you for Christmas?" Mike asked.

"Of course I do. I *love* that bracelet. If my house was on fire I'd grab that before I ran outside." El leaned her head on Mike's arm, not being tall enough to reach his shoulder.

"Good. I had a lot of fun making that. I realized that I enjoy making things like that for you. So I made you something else." Mike dug in his pocket and pulled out a small box but didn't open it. "It's funny that Dustin brought up me breaking my ankle because this wouldn't exist if I hadn't. I got Mr. Clarke to help me. He knows a guy who is a

metallurgist and he put me in contact with him and together we made this."

Mike opened the box. Even in only moonlight El could tell that it was a ring. What surprised her most was that there seemed to be a big, but not ridiculously big, green emerald set into it.

"So there's a story that goes along with this. We made the ring out of the screws and plate that were used when I broke my ankle. It's like, they helped me heal like *you* help me heal. It also kind of complements the bracelet I made for you. You'll always have something that was part of me. The emerald has a story too. My grandma, my dad's mom, wasn't really into jewelry but my granddad always bought her fancy things like that. She always let Nancy go through her jewelry box and pretend she was a princess when we would visit. She had this one ring though, this one emerald ring that I always played with. I'd run around wearing it, pretending I was the Green Lantern. My grandma remembered and when she died she left me the ring. This is the emerald from that ring. Emeralds are also considered water gemstones and it makes me think of the waterfall that started everything for us." Mike took the ring out of the box.

"You made that for me?" El was shaking slightly. The idea of how much effort Mike had put into it, the amount of thought, giving her his heirloom from his grandmother, made her head feel swimmy.

"Do you like it?"

"It's *perfect*." El looked into Mike's eyes, her own starting to tear.

"You can wear it on whichever hand you'd prefer. I know we're young and this isn't like, an *engagement* ring or anything but I do expect to still be with you ten years from now, or twenty years, or forty. Maybe we can call it your *inaugural ring*." Mike smiled.

"You've set the bar pretty high, Mike. I do wonder what any future rings you might give me could possibly look like or represent," El whispered, holding out her left hand to him. He slipped it onto her finger. He thought it looked like it was never meant to be anywhere else.



"Challenge accepted." Mike leaned forward, catching her lips in his.

"Do you want to go swimming?" El asked as their kiss became more heated.

"We don't have our suits," Mike said.

El smiled. "I don't think we'll really want them."

They climbed down from the ledge and walked to the side of the pool nearer to the waterfall, leaving their clothes on a set of dry rocks. El got in the water first and Mike's heart stopped in his throat as she dove down, the moonlight bouncing off her bare ass as she did. He followed her, making his way to the center of the pool.

When El surfaced she was much closer to the waterfall. Mike swam to her, having lost her while she was under water.

"Hi," El said, wrapping her arms around his neck. Mike felt her legs move around his waist.

"Hi. You look really pretty here in the moonlight." His face was so close to hers, he was whispering. He resumed kissing her.

"Can I show you something? You might have to help me a little," El said between kisses.

Mike nodded. El pulled him toward the side of the falls and then behind them. It was darker with the moonlight being obscured by the water but Mike could tell what he was seeing. He lifted her from the water, gently setting her on the ledge behind the falls, before climbing out himself. Once he stood back up, El was in front of him immediately. Her wet skin looked inviting and Mike couldn't resist running his hands over her breasts, pinching her nipples and making her moan.

He spun her around so that her back was against his, slowly, teasingly, trailing his long fingers down her abdomen, then her hip, and finally cupping her thigh, his fingertips playfully grazing high up on the inner part of her leg so close to where she wanted them to be. He was kissing her neck. She pressed herself backwards into him, feeling how hard he was.

Mike let his hand move higher, giving her what she wanted. His palm covered her. He could feel how warm she was, how wet. He let his finger slide into her the slightest bit. Being outside, the water crashing down, knowing they could be caught, turned them both on even more.

"Mike," El panted, "please."

Mike whispered into her ear. "I don't know which is wetter, you or the waterfall." He gently licked her earlobe, causing her to whimper.

"If I bend over right now, what will you do?" El pushed herself into him again.

"Why don't you find out." Mike turned them both so that they were facing the side of the cliff before pushing her down. She bent at the waist, holding on to the cliff.

El felt him teasing her from behind. He was slapping her ass with his cock, then he'd run it through her folds, not giving in to her. She was squirming, moving closer to the cliff every time she felt his pelvis against her buttocks.

"Please, please, Mike," El begged.

"Okay, I was just teasing you. I won't make you beg." Mike leaned forward so he could whisper in her ear. "But know how insanely hot it is when you do."

El felt him push himself in. Even after having him so many times it still took her breath away. The sensation was always so amazingly good, making her want more of it.

"Ooh, fuck me, Mike! Your dick is so good!" She had realized that she didn't have to be quiet because of their location behind the waterfall.

"You're always so *tight*! You were *made* to fuck me, El." Mike continued to slam into her. His thrusts caused her to scoot forward, her face almost on the side of the cliff. She braced herself with her arm. After a few minutes of intense fucking Mike pulled out and spun her back around to face him. El felt him lift her up by her thighs so she wrapped her legs around him. Her face crashed against his,

desperately needing to kiss him. She was still kissing him fervently when she felt him slide back into her, dropping her slightly onto him.

El let herself sink all the way down, knowing that Mike wouldn't let her fall. They worked together, Mike lifting her and El slamming herself back down on him, every pass rubbing her clit, heightening the sensation.

"Do you like my cock, El?" Mike asked. El was currently rolling her hips, trying to get him even deeper.

"I *love* your cock. I love how it makes me feel." She continued to ride him. They had fallen into the most magnificent rhythm.

"Good, because it belongs to *you*. I'll only ever want it to be inside *you*," Mike moaned.

The combination of feeling Mike buried deep inside her along with what he was saying was bringing El ever closer to her peak. She could feel it building.

"I...I love you." El looked into his eyes as she felt the dam break. "Oh, fuck! Oh, oooh! Don't stop! Don't ever stop, Mike!" She continued to roll herself into him.

Mike could feel her spasming around him, pulling him into her even more. The look on her face as she came was enough to do it for him.

"El, you're making me come," Mike said, his voice steady. "I'm going to come so hard in you."

El looked at him, moving her face closer to his. "Do it."

Mike never closed his eyes as he felt the rush, unloading into her, watching her face and her eyes as he did. He felt so close to her then. Before he set her back down he kissed her, so softly, thanking her for being who she was.

They swam back to where their clothes were, climbing out. Mike held El while the water dried from their bodies enough so that their clothes wouldn't be completely soaked when they got dressed. They sat there looking out at the water.

"Want to know a secret?" Mike asked.

"Always."

"I've wanted to do that since we were at the first waterfall. I liked you so much. I was kind of happy we got lost. Only good things have come from it. I only thought about it though. I never imagined you'd feel the same way." Mike squeezed her tighter.

"But I *do* feel the same way."

"Sometimes I still can't believe that I met you. You're so smart, and so beautiful. You're one of the kindest people I've ever met and you're funny. To top it all off you're a badass superhero. I don't know what I did to deserve you." El, sitting in Mike's lap, rested her head on his shoulder as she listened to him. "I love you more than my imagination will allow. I can't even fathom how far it goes."

"You're so good with words, Mike, but more than that, you make me *feel* loved. Thank you." El kissed his cheek.

"Do you really like the ring?" Mike asked.

El sat up to look him in the eyes. "Mike, I *love* this. You're who you are today partly because of the metal in this ring. I love it that you used to pretend with this emerald. I love it that you're so thoughtful and so creative. I love it because you gave it to me and I love you. This ring is so special to me, like you are." She kissed him for real, slowly savoring it, letting her lips linger.

"Are you getting sleepy?" Mike asked when their kiss ended. "I think we're dry enough to get dressed."

"Yes, let's go back."

They put their clothes back on and Mike led the way back to camp. Everyone was asleep and the fire was out. El crawled into the tent first, followed by Mike. Once out of their shoes they snuggled together closely. According to Mike's watch it was 11:00.

"Hey, Mike?" El asked quietly as they lay together in the dark.

"Yes?"

"If you wake up in the night, wake me up too." He felt her face bury into his chest.

"And why is that?"

"Because tent sex with you is sort of on my list of favorite things. 'Night, Mike."

**A/N: I absolutely *love* coming up with gifts that Mike and El can give each other. I think the next chapter will pick up in the middle of this same night. Of course Mike will wake up, he can't deny her anything. I appreciate my readers so much. I hope you're enjoying the story. If it isn't obvious, my favorite Party members to write (besides Mike and El, obviously) are Max and Dustin. They just come easier to me but I'm trying to not leave Lucas and Will out. Thanks again for reading.**

## 6. Chapter 6

**Um, yeah, this just dives right in. Heads up, here there be smut.**

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The small voice beside him got louder as Mike aroused from sleep. El was still sleeping, only she was clearly not having a good dream. Her crying out *please, no!* and *I'm sorry!* had pulled him from his slumber. He shook her gently. She finally awoke.

"Are you okay?" Mike asked as El recognized her surroundings.

"Bad dream. Hop was kicking me out because I dropped the groceries."

Mike pulled her into him, feeling her face on his neck. "It was just a dream. Hopper wouldn't do that to you. You know that, right?"

He felt her nod her head.

"Do you want to go back to sleep? Maybe you'll have better dreams." Mike continued to hold her.

El didn't answer him. Instead she started to lightly kiss his neck. Her face was already buried in it anyway. Mike could feel that this was what she needed so he pulled her over so that she was on top of him. His arms wrapped around her and he returned her kisses.

"You know we'll have to be quiet," Mike said, his mouth moving from hers to her neck.

"I'm not making any promises," El replied softly.

Mike felt her legs move to either side of him. They were still clothed and El was grinding down on him, moaning quietly. Mike's hands went to the waistband of her shorts, pushing them down. She had never put panties back on after their swim earlier so it didn't take him long to make her accessible. She moved her leg enough for the shorts to slip down so she could kick them off.

Her shirt was quickly discarded, leaving her bare, sitting atop her still

fully clothed boyfriend.

"Hold on," Mike said as El's hands moved to the hem of his shirt, "I want to look at you for a second." He took a moment to admire the sight of a naked El gazing back down at him. There wasn't a lot of light but his eyes had adjusted enough to see. His cock had sprung to life when he had rolled her onto him, before she took her shorts off, and now looking at her, her chin lowered, her bottom lip between her teeth, her eyes affixed to his, was causing it to harden perhaps more than ever. She was grinding herself down on him again.

When El reached for the button of Mike's pants he didn't stop her. He also wasn't wearing underwear so as she lowered the zipper he was instantly liberated. She leaned back to allow Mike to raise his hips enough for her to pull the pants down. Once he was unencumbered by the material El took her place again.

Mike pulled her forward into a kiss. He could feel her heat over him as she slid herself back and forth along the length of his shaft. He wasn't inside yet but the sensation of her wetness and the softness of her skin along his rigidity was scintillating. The feeling was good enough that he didn't mind drawing it out.

"You can take my shirt off now," Mike whispered between kisses. In an instant it was gone. As their bare chests pressed together Mike was reminded how much he loved the feeling, how much he loved having her right against him, being able to hug her even closer. He was almost positive their hearts were beating in harmony.

El also loved the feeling of being pressed against Mike. It did something to her she couldn't explain. She thought maybe it was that she hadn't ever had much human contact as a kid so now that she loved someone so much her feelings were more intense when he held her close. It made her feel woozy and confident at the same time. She began to move faster, letting herself dip down more. She still hadn't taken him inside but was enjoying the feeling of slipping along his length while kissing him deeply. She wasn't even bothering to stifle her groans, so caught up in the moment.

Outside, the trees started to sway, almost imperceptibly.

Mike's hand moved from El's waist to her hips, gently pushing down as she slid backwards. He knew she was ready, the slickness that now covered their almost joined pelvic regions evidence to her arousal. Her hips angled slightly and then he felt himself being pulled in, warmth enveloping his member, welcoming it home.

"Mike, let's go slow," El said lowly, leaning forward again, sucking on his neck.

Mike pushed down on her hips as he pushed himself up into her. He held his position and could feel her hips rolling, slowly sucking him even further into her body. She moaned loudly.

"El, they're going to hear us," Mike said, trying to be quiet. It was a difficult task though, as the sensation of what El's body was doing to him was taking all of his focus to make himself last as long as she wanted him to.

"I don't care." She went back to kissing him, still rolling her hips, now in a more circular pattern. Mike thought he might go mad but it was something he didn't mind.

The trees swayed more vehemently. On the other side of the campfire, where the other tents were set up, Dustin and Will had awakened. The rustling of the trees had pulled them from their dreams.

"What's that?" Will asked, his voice barely above a whisper. He was sitting up with his sleeping bag pulled around him.

"Son of a bitch. I knew it. Jason Voorhees has found us," Dustin said. Will knew he was probably joking but Dustin's tone of voice said otherwise. "Or maybe it's Cropsy. You know, from *The Burning*? What if he's got his garden shears and he's coming for us?"

The boys listened to the sounds coming from outside of their tent.

Max and Lucas had also been awakened. They were both less inclined to think that a killer wearing a hockey mask or a burn victim was terrorizing them.

"Jeez, so much for them being quiet," Max said.



"Are the trees moving? I think the trees are moving. There's no wind tonight," Lucas was flabbergasted.

"I think they are. He must really be doing something to her. They did it right behind where I was trying to sleep the night before we left. I heard the whole thing. It was crazy." Max thought back to a few nights earlier.

They could hear Mike and El narrating their activities.

"Who'd have thought they'd be like that, huh? The weirdo and the nerd, mild mannered dorks by day, gods of fuck by night." Lucas laughed and Max joined him.

Back in Mike and El's tent, things had gotten even hotter, if that was possible. El was rocking herself on him, still keeping him as far in as he could go.

"Mike, this is so good. I can feel everything, every tiny movement. I love it that you let me use you how I need to." She thought she was whispering when she spoke. She wasn't. Except for occasional groans or moans she had been trying to be quiet but that didn't last.

"You can do whatever you want. I promise, this is awesome. I love it when you take all of me and don't let me out. You always make it feel more amazing than it already is." Mike reached up to play with her breasts, eliciting another moan. Louder this time.

Will and Dustin had finally realized they weren't being stalked by Jason Voorhees or Cropsy. They looked at each other, jaws dropped.

"Um, I guess now we know why the trees are moving," Dustin whispered.

Unbeknownst to Mike and El, their friends all sat in their tents listening to the duo finish the act of copulation, quietly lost in their own thoughts.

Mike reached down, placing his thumb on El's clit and rubbing while she was grinding down, trying to push him further even though he had bottomed out a while back. She liked the sensation of feeling the head of his cock against her cervix and how her walls were stretched

as she pushed herself onto him. Now he was rubbing her and she could feel herself start to tremble.

"Mike, I'm so close. You're gonna make me come all over you. Is that what you want to do?" She wasn't even trying to whisper anymore.

"I want to come at the same time. Can you ride me for a few more seconds? It feels so good when you do. Keep talking to me." Mike was rubbing gently but with purpose. El knew she didn't have long.

"I like riding you. I like feeling your hard cock slide into me, feeling it push against my pussy walls and stretch them out so you'll fit."

"Oh, shit, El. You never say that. You're so fucking hot." Mike continued to thrust from underneath her.

"Ooh, hurry. I'm coming, Mike. Oh, fuck! I'm coming so ha-hard..." El's eyes closed as she felt wave after wave of pleasure start to course through her.

"So am I, El." Mike bit his lip, trying not to cry out. He could feel El spasming around him, for much longer than before at the waterfall. He held her down against him as he fired, wondering after a few seconds if he would ever stop.

Finally, both of them felt their shaking start to cease. El noticed that her toes had curled at some point and didn't uncurl until she stopped trembling. Mike pulled her down to him. She let her legs relax, moving them on to his, essentially lying right on top of him.

"Oh my god, that was so amazing," El whispered. She had come back to her senses and didn't want to wake anyone up.

"How are you so good at that?" Mike asked.

"I don't know. I just do what feels right. You make it pretty easy." El snuggled into him. "I feel like I can't get enough of you."

"You'll never have to. You can always have all of me." Mike kissed her head. She rolled off of him and to his side, cuddling into him. Her body heat felt nice against his skin.

"I was loud wasn't I?" El asked after a minute.

Mike chuckled. "You might have caused a small ruckus. Did you hear the trees?"

"What? No. There's no wind tonight."

"But there's *El*." Mike smiled, kissing her. "Don't worry about it. If they heard us then they heard us. I wouldn't change anything."

"I guess we'll see in the morning. Now I'm going to be afraid to make eye contact with them." El was inching even closer to Mike, subconsciously trying to get closer, as though her embarrassment would be shielded by him.

"Hey, don't worry. Even if they heard us, they aren't going to be mean about it. So we got a little loud, who cares? We're in the middle of the woods with our best friends, people who love us. They'll understand. And if they don't, they will at some point in their lives. The most important thing to remember is that I love you and I'll always make sure you're feeling comfortable."

"You're pretty awesome, did you know that?" El asked, her voice soft in his ear.

"I like it when you say that I am." Mike kissed her again, slowly, before snuggling more into her and pulling the sleeping bag up over them. They fell asleep not long after.

In the tents across the way, the four friends sat in a bit of shock over what they had just heard. The sex itself wasn't shocking; it was that what they were hearing was coming from *Mike and El* and their heads were trying to wrap around the idea that the two normally quiet people were so open and talkative during sex, and what they'd heard them say left them all a little slack-jawed. One by one they finally drifted back to sleep.

Surprisingly, even after their exertions throughout the night, Mike and El were the first ones up in the morning. They got dressed and after packing up everything in their bags except what they were making for breakfast, started a fire and waited for their friends to join

them.

Mike was sitting on a boulder near the fire with El sideways on his lap when Max poked her head out of her tent.

"Well, good morning to you two." Max's tone and her telltale smirk told El immediately that their nighttime activities had indeed been overheard. El blushed.

"Good morning, Max. Did you sleep well?" Mike asked.

"Not as well as you guys." She laughed, climbing the rest of the way out of the tent. "Don't worry, I'm not going to give you a hard time. I was actually surprised and kind of proud of you, El. You should teach a clinic." Max smiled brightly at El.

"Well I don't know about *that*." El's face was still crimson.

Dustin and Will had started to stir and a couple of minutes later emerged from their tent, followed soon by Lucas climbing out of his. Everyone sat around the fire. Mike noticed that they were kind of quiet. Will of all people finally addressed the elephant in the room.

"So, how about those trees last night, huh? Were they dancing or something?" He looked El, winking.

"Yeah, it was like *Club MTV: Deciduous Edition*. They were rockin'!" Dustin smiled at Mike and El.

"Okay, so you guys heard us. Don't embarrass her please," Mike said.

"Don't be embarrassed, El. Did I hear Max say you should teach a clinic? Because I'm with her on that. I won't say any more but know that you definitely shouldn't be embarrassed. And Mike, my man, well played. You two are surprisingly awesome. That's all I'm saying about it," Lucas stated.

"Lucas is right, El. Don't be embarrassed," Will said. "Dustin thought Jason Voorhees or Cropsy was coming for us."

"Hey! It was just a hypothesis. I wasn't peeing my pants about it or anything. It just took me a minute to figure out what was happening.

El, making the trees move was impressive."

"She didn't even know she was doing it," Mike said. El's face was in his neck. Listening to her friends comment on her having sex was a little much for her.

"Okay, okay. That's enough. We're all very proud of you guys for being yourselves and for being so great to each other but I think El has heard enough on the subject," Max decried, much to El's appreciation.

"Max is right. Let's have some breakfast," Mike said.

Everyone had brought one item for breakfast, splitting up the weight. El had tortillas, Dustin had a jar of peanut butter, Lucas had apples and peaches, Max had a jar of blueberries, and Will had cinnamon. Mike had the cooking utensils. They set about making peanut butter quesadillas, both peach and apple, with the blueberries for garnish.

"It's the Fourth of July today," Lucas said. "What's the plan, Mike?"

"I think we should hike almost back to where we started but stop a little before there. There's a big field that the woods connect with and if we camp close to there we'll be able to see the fireworks that the lodge will set off tonight. There's also another swimming area on the backside of the loop so if we get going pretty soon after we eat we should have enough time to hike over there with enough time to set the tents back up and go swimming before it's dark. I have freeze dried food for us for tonight, courtesy of Ted Wheeler, so we can just boil water and boom! Dinner is served. Then we can watch the fireworks from our camp."

"That sounds pretty cool to me," Dustin said. "And swimming again sounds fun. How far do you think it is?"

"It's probably a little less than four miles from here. I know it sounds long but we hiked more than that yesterday to get to where we are now. We can do it." Mike was finishing up his breakfast, El had moved from his lap and was occupying her own rock.

Before they broke down the tents and packed them all up, El set up

her camera to take a few pictures of all of them in front of their campfire. She pressed the shutter button and hurried back, once again sitting on Mike's lap. Then they all pitched in to help take down the tents and pack everything up. Mike checked his watch as they shouldered their packs, having cleaned up their campsite. It was 10:30 a.m.

The group hiked for a few hours, still stopping occasionally for pictures. There was a huge boulder overhang and the boys all pretended to hold it up, posing underneath it like Atlas. El snapped pictures of all of them. Mike took a picture of Max and El, El was lying on her stomach on top of a rock reaching down as though she was trying to grab Max's hand. It wasn't dangerous but the way Mike framed it made it look like they were on a giant cliff. It would be a great picture.

It was just before 4:00 when they found their next campsite. They had been following a stream that gradually got wider until it formed a pool, falling over rocks and creating a much smaller waterfall than they had seen the day before. After they set up their camp, much the same way they had done the previous night, they went back to the stream to swim. They still hadn't seen anyone else out on the trail and there was no one at the pool the stream created.

"See how deep this one is, Dustin," Lucas said. He was still taking off his boots. Dustin walked into the water and disappeared. The rocks around the area weren't high so as long as the water had some depth it would be safe to jump feet first from most anywhere.

"It's deeper than the last one. I think we can jump off of any of these rocks," Dustin shouted as he broke the surface.

So they spent the next few hours jumping into the water and swimming. El and Max watched the boys try to jump higher than each other or farther out into the water. Mike noticed them watching so after one of his jumps he swam over to them. El latched on to him when he got close enough.

"Sorry, Max. I just like to hang on to him when we're in the water. I can't help it," El said, honestly apologizing. Max just laughed.

"You don't have to apologize, El. I get it. I'm going to go jump off the rock. Watch me blow them away." Max swam off toward the rock and the other boys.

"I have you all to myself now," El said, pulling herself closer.

"You always do. Are you excited about the fireworks tonight?" Mike asked.

"Will we be able to lie back and look up and see them?"

"I think so," Mike answered.

El had an impish look on her face. "Can we use a blanket to cover us up?"

"I'm sure we can. What did you have in mind?" Mike asked, lowering his voice.

"Let's just say that I wouldn't hate it if you made me see stars while I was watching the fireworks." El's lips were against his ear. Mike caught on immediately.

"I'd definitely like to try."

"Mike," El said solemnly, looking into his eyes, "try not. Do, or do not. There is no try."

"I love it when you talk Yoda to me." Mike kissed her until she started to giggle.

As everyone started to feel tired and hungry, they all walked back to their camp. Mike had been right, they could see the big field and would only have to walk a few paces to be in the open. They could spread out their sleeping bags and watch the show when it was time. The sun was just starting to set.

The water was boiling for the packets of freeze dried food and everyone was sitting around the fire they had built. The seating wasn't as perfect as it had been the night before but they made it work.

"El, do you think your dad would really let us stay at his cabin and watch scary movies?" Lucas asked.

"Without him being there?" Max added.

"I think he would. He let me go with Mike during spring break and he let me come here. I don't know why he wouldn't let us all go to the cabin as long as we promised to clean up after ourselves. Ooh, Mike, water is boiling."

Mike started pouring the boiling water into the packets. He had brought beef stew, chicken and noodles, and his favorite standby, chicken and rice. Everyone could have their own package of food.

They ate their dinner and continued the conversation about the cabin.

"Would he let us all spend the night?" Will asked.

"If we're having a movie marathon I think that implies that we'll need the whole night. I can make sure he understands what's happening," El said once she had swallowed her mouthful of rice.

"What would we want to watch?" Dustin slurped a noodle.

"We can think about it. I think woods movies or cabin movies, camp movies. The whole point is to feel scared," Mike said.

When they had finished eating they dragged their sleeping bags into the field, spreading them out and getting ready for the fireworks show. Mike set up his sleeping bag at the back, behind the others. He saved El's bag to cover them both. It was getting dark so they took their places and waited.

Mike and El both continued their conversations with their friends, answering questions when asked, actively participating, but underneath El's sleeping bag, which was covering them both, Mike had her shorts pulled down and was lazily running his fingers through her folds, spreading her arousal all over her. Her inner thighs were sticky. Her breathing was still relatively steady but he was still in the teasing stages. He wanted to wait for the fireworks to really get going.



El knew he was waiting and it was fine with her but every time his hand traced down her thigh and then back up again she felt herself get wetter, the anticipation of his fingers touching her serving to turn her on even more. She spread her legs slightly, encouraging him to move more into her.

Finally, *blessedly*, they heard the first cannon blast, followed by the ignition of fiery colors across the sky. Mike's fingers started working, two moving inside El at once, slipping in easily. Her sighs couldn't be heard over the *oohs* and *ahhs* of their friends. He kept his thumb on her clit as he pumped in and out with his hand. El was flat on her back, her legs spread, watching the vivid bursts of colors flash across the sky as Mike's fingers brought her ever closer to orgasm. Doing it in the grass was making her crazy. She knew as soon as they got in their tent later she would be all over him. But right then, while the show was going on, feeling his fingers slide into her, feeling his thumb tease her and then make her legs start to shake, was exactly what she wanted. She rolled to her side slightly, her leg moving over Mike's. She could still see the sky but he could get his fingers in deeper.

Another loud boom, followed by a bigger burst of flower-like sparks.

Mike was curling his finger now, touching her where it was making it hard to be quiet, her hand was gripping his, guiding him harder and trying to get deeper. She was moving in time with his hand, riding his long fingers which were all the way inside her. Suddenly her eyes, which had closed due to the immense pleasure she was receiving, shot open and locked with Mike's. She leaned forward to his ear.

"You're making me come right now. Oh, god, Mike, your fingers are so good. Make me come."

Mike let his pinky dip down, running lower and into the crack of her ass as he continued his rhythm. The new sensation sent her over the edge. At the same moment, a brilliant burst of reds and greens exploded into the night sky. El watched the display as her body experienced a massive climax that caused her entire being to convulse in the most delicious way. Her hand continued to grasp Mike's, his fingers still engulfed inside her. He was moving more slowly, helping her recover. She was still trembling around his fingers

but it was starting to subside. When another set of pyrotechnics was detonated he removed his hand, making sure to massage her folds one last time, wanting to make her feel the best he could.

El snuggled into Mike's side as they finished watching the show. She had managed to get her shorts pulled back up. She knew Mike needed release too but he had swatted her hand away when she tried, saying the finale was too close. She would take care of him when they went to bed. She would make him feel as good as he'd made her feel.

As the explosions crescendoed to the finale, getting larger and more elaborate, El rubbed Mike over his pants. He let her. Her whispered voice in his ear as he watched the show was making it hard to focus on the exquisite display of fireworks.

"When we get in the tent I want you to put your hard cock into my mouth as far as it will go. I want to make you spasm in my mouth and I want you to watch me do it. You deserve that, Mike."

She was being so quiet but he could hear every word. He could feel the heat of her hand through his hiking pants as she teasingly stroked him.

The fireworks show finally ended. Dustin and Will screamed *Happy birthday, America!* and laughed. Everyone got up, bringing their sleeping bags with them. Mike was the last to stand up. El handed him her sleeping bag innocently, not wanting to call attention to his current condition. He held her bag in front of him and she got his from the ground.

Walking back into their campsite, El yawned, making sure everyone could see her.

"I think I'm going to go to bed. I'm pretty tired. Mike? Want to help me spread the bags back out in our tent?"

"I'm kind of tired too. I think I'll join you. Night, guys. Tomorrow we'll pack up and head back home."

Mike and El crawled into their tent and after putting their bags back

in place, El immediately went to work on him, removing his pants and taking him into her mouth.

Outside their friends were stoking the fire, not yet ready for bed. They kept their voices as low as possible.

"Right, they're tired," Dustin said, trying not to snicker.

"I wonder what we'll hear tonight," Will said.

Max held her hand up, signaling for everyone to be quiet. She pointed to Mike and El's tent. Everyone strained their ears, listening.

Soft slurping noises could be heard, peppered by Mike occasionally groaning softly.

"Sounds like Mike is being rewarded for being a good boy," Max said, grinning.

The Party tried to hold a conversation, all of them trying to ignore the sounds coming from the tent. Sounds that were interesting and a bit erotic. Sounds they had never thought would be associated with Mike and El.

**A/N: I've got two more chapters for this story. I know it's kind of (really) smutty but since it's the last one I'll write of that nature for a while I figured I'd go all in. I hope it's not offensive to my readers and if it is, well I tried to give warnings. I hope everyone is enjoying the Party's time in the woods. If Mike and El weren't so crazy in love I would think this was a bit much but they are hopelessly smitten so I feel it's okay. Everyone wishes they had what Mike and El have. Anyway, thanks for reading. Please comment if you feel comfortable doing that.**

## 7. Chapter 7

**Well now I'm just embarrassing myself. Caution wet floor. Heads up. Warning. Et cetera...**

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Mike sat on his knees, looking down at the sight between his legs. He watched as his erect cock disappeared into El's mouth. She went all the way down, he could feel her nose on his stomach. What felt better than that though was her tongue. She ran it up and down his entire length while still having him in her mouth so far that he could feel the tip on the back of her throat. She pulled back, keeping him in her mouth but giving herself enough room to look up at him. Her eyes met his. Having her look at him while he could feel her wet tongue massaging his hard dick was already making him twitch.

"Shit, El. Oh my god, you're so good at that. Suck it," Mike whispered, trying not to be too loud.

El didn't respond with words, she just continued to look at him while she moved her mouth. Mike could see his cock poking her cheek from the inside. She moved to his side a bit to change up her angle, going down again, letting her tongue work the front side of his cock. Mike's hands roamed to her shirt, lifting it. El sat up briefly, removing the clothing entirely, leaving her in just her shorts. She returned her attention to Mike, teasing the head of his dick with her tongue. Mike moaned.

"Does that feel good?" She asked seductively. Her hand replaced her mouth while she spoke.

Mike had been playing with her now naked breasts but when she looked up at him and asked if it felt good some animalistic part of him took over and he grabbed her by the waist, pushing her shorts down. El let them slide to her ankles. She was still holding on to his cock but Mike's sudden burst of dominance had caught her off guard. He sat down, pushing his legs out in front of him before lying back.

"Sit on my face," he ordered. El felt herself get wetter upon hearing him take charge. He was still keeping his voice low but that just

made him sound sexier. She felt Mike pull her toward him. She straddled his face, leaning forward and taking his cock back into her mouth. From the angle she was in Mike could thrust up into her mouth. Her lips formed a vacuum and she started sucking him earnestly.

El could feel Mike's tongue on her. She knew she must be dripping all over his face. Normally she'd want to tell him how much she loved what he was doing but currently her mouth was performing other duties. Mike started to tease her, holding her hips so she couldn't grind down on his face and letting his tongue brush against her just slightly, causing her to shiver. He lapped back and forth, sliding his tongue up and down her slit. It felt electric but El knew he was teasing her so she tried to do the same. She pulled back, Mike's saliva coated dick coming out of her mouth. She nuzzled it with her nose and teased the head with her tongue the same way Mike was teasing her, just barely touching him.

After a minute of this she felt him relax his grip on her hips and pull her down into him. Two fingers were inserted as his tongue focused on her clit. It took all of her concentration not to scream out at the delightful feeling of Mike's tongue circling her, making her grind into his fingers. She started to lick him again and then relaxed her jaw so that she could take him all the way in. She was holding on to his hips to steady herself as Mike tongued her opening. El was using her own tongue, lapping at his shaft while he was sheathed inside her mouth, swirling her tongue around him, changing her patterns. She felt Mike's hands move to her hair, holding her head while he gently bucked up into her mouth. Without his hands on her El was free to sit fully on his face. Mike's tongue alternated between gently sucking on her clit and sliding into her as far as he could go. She wanted to make so much noise but their friends were sitting around the campfire so she tried to hold back. His mouth felt too good though. El moaned loudly.

"What do you think they're doing?" Dustin whispered. They were only about five feet away from Mike's tent.

"I don't know, but I haven't heard any talking. Only moans. So I have my suspicions," Max stated.

"They could be doing anything," Will said.

"El told me that they talk, they like to describe what they're doing. We heard them last night. So their mouths must be full," Max said simply.

The boys all exchanged glances, shifting a bit. Without realizing it, everyone turned toward the tent, listening intently.

El enjoyed sucking Mike's cock and she also enjoyed his tongue on her but she couldn't help feeling like she needed *more* from him so she sucked him deep once more before turning around and gliding herself onto him. She sighed contentedly. Mike didn't mind, loving how it felt when she took what she wanted. El leaned forward to kiss him, tasting herself on his face, smiling at how good he was at everything he did.

"You taste so good, but you feel even better," Mike murmured, lifting his hips. El rose slightly, feeling him move deeper into her.

"It's not gonna take me long. You've already gotten me so close. I just wanted to feel you inside me. I like it when you stretch me out," El breathed. She placed her hands on Mike's chest so she could gyrate her hips.

Mike continued to lift his hips. From the raised position El was exquisitely impaled on him, the angle causing his shaft to rub against her clit, causing amazing friction.

Outside everyone's eyes were bulging.

"Um, they're definitely talking now," Will murmured.

"Oh, Mike," El tried to whisper, "oh, it feels too good. Please make me come." Why she was begging El didn't know but it felt right in the moment. It made her feel less powerful and she found that to be sexy.

"Well since you said *please*," Mike lifted his hips again but pulled her down onto his cock, hard. Once, twice, on the third time he knew he was there too.

"Oh fuck, Mike. So goooood..." Her words stopped and she started

shaking. She was almost crying from the intense crest of the wave she was riding.

Mike could feel her shaking all over. He continued to thrust one more time, El's walls gripping him so tightly even in the midst of her own climax that he couldn't hold back any longer. He watched El's face, still lost in ecstasy, his balls tightened before he felt a heavenly surge, coming fiercely.

"You make me come so hard. You're so good at fucking," Mike said, still twitching inside her.

El kept him there as she leaned forward, resting her head on his shoulder.

"You're good at fucking *me*." She kissed his neck softly.

Mike finally slipped out of her and they both cuddled close together, spent and happy, falling asleep.

Sitting around the fire, the four friends were still trying to process what they'd heard. They kept their tones hushed.

"Damn, they can't get enough of each other," Dustin said.

"It sounds to me like they are pretty good at it too. That was like listening to porn," Will stated.

"When are you listening to porn?" Lucas asked.

"I'm not, but Jonathan had some once and I heard through his door. I never thought I'd hear it from my friends. And honestly, I think they sound better." Will gestured toward the tent.

"Well it certainly explains why they're so happy all the time," Max said. "I think I'm going to go to bed." Max stood up and walked toward her tent.

"Um, I'm just going to go for a little walk," Dustin said. He strode off toward the field where they had watched the fireworks.

Lucas snickered once Dustin was gone. "Riight. He's *going for a walk*."

Man, jerking off thinking about our friends isn't right."

Will walked to his tent. "I'm off to bed. Night, Lucas." He zipped himself inside.

All four friends, despite what they said, spent the next thirty minutes replaying what they had just heard. Even after what he'd said, Lucas found something to do while he sat alone by the campfire.

The next morning after everyone was up and they had eaten and packed up the camp, the Party headed back toward the lodge and their van. Lucas drove them home. As they pulled into Hawkins, Mike's voice came from the very back of the van. El was asleep, her head in his lap.

"We'd only been gone for four days but somehow the town seemed different; smaller."

"Mike's quoting *Stand By Me* again," Dustin whined.

"He's *paraphrasing*," El said as her head popped up. She smiled brightly at Mike before nuzzling his neck.

Mike's words were kind of true though. After their experiences on their trip it did seem smaller, or maybe they seemed more worldly.

Lucas dropped Dustin, Will, and Max off at their houses before driving to Mike's. After saying goodbye he walked toward his own house, leaving Mike and El alone.

"Did you have fun?" Mike asked her. It was almost 4:00.

"Mm-hmm, I definitely did." El put her arms around his neck, pulling herself closer.

"I wish we could sleep together every night," Mike whispered, his nose almost touching hers.

"So do I. Someday we will." As El lifted her head slightly to close the tiny gap between them she absentmindedly played with the ring on her finger.



They finally broke the kiss but remained close together.

"Thanks for saving me," Mike said.

"Thanks for loving me," El said back.

Mike laughed. "It's something I can't possibly help. My heart beats, I breathe, and I love you."

"That makes me happy." El hugged him again. "I need to get this van back I guess. Call me later?"

"You know I will." Mike kissed her one more time, lingering until she finally pulled away.

"Bye, Mike." El walked backwards, her eyes never leaving his until she had to climb into the driver's seat. She blew him a kiss as she backed out of the driveway.

Mike sighed. He knew he'd never not want to spend every second with her.

The Party spent the rest of July lounging in the basement or going to the pool to go swimming. In early August, a few weeks before school started again, they got their chance to have the movie marathon at Hopper's cabin. El had been surprised when Flo told Hopper that she didn't need the van and didn't like how it looked sitting in her driveway so she said he could keep it. He let El drive it whenever she wanted. She called it the Millennium Falcon.

"Now you won't make a mess?" Hopper asked. Mike was at El's and they were pleading their case for why they needed the cabin.

"We promise," El said.

"We'll clean everything up too," Mike added.

Hopper eyed them both. He sighed. He knew there was no point in ever trying to keep them apart. El was too strong and her love for Mike was clearly even stronger. She was a good kid and so smart and her life had been awful until Hopper had adopted her. He liked seeing her happy. So he relented.

"Fine. The six of you can have it for the night. But you are responsible for taking food and drinks there. No alcohol. And clean it all up before you leave."

"Thanks so much, Hop!" El kissed him on the cheek. Hopper couldn't stifle his smile and the warm feeling in his chest that it caused.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don't scare yourselves too much." Hopper ruffled her hair.

They called everyone from the Hopper residence, telling them to meet at Mike's before 5:00 that day. Then Mike and El drove over to Mike's in the Falcon and waited for everyone to get there.

The whole Party was in the basement by 4:30. They all piled into the van with their sleeping bags and pillows, first stopping at the video store where they rented *The Burning*, *Friday the 13th Part IV*, *Sleepaway Camp*, and the first *Evil Dead*. Then they went to Bradley's Big Buy to get food and drinks.

As they drove down the dirt path toward the cabin, El told them some about the place.

"Hop used to have to park and walk the rest of the way but a few years ago he made a path big enough to drive all the way there. It was before he adopted me. He said he was getting too old to keep walking the whole way. I think he just forgot something in the car once too many times and didn't want to have to keep going so far back and forth. Anyway, now we can drive right up to it."

Getting closer, they could see the cabin. It was small and very rustic looking but not without its charm.

"This is the perfect place to scare ourselves to death. I want to run through the woods in the dark!" Max exclaimed as El parked and they all climbed out.

Mike and El carried the groceries into the cabin while everyone else explored around the outside of the property. As El set the bag on the counter she felt Mike behind her. He put his nose into her hair, inhaling deeply. His hands were on her waist.

"You smell so good," he whispered.

"Mike, someone is going to walk in," El said, though she also pushed herself back slightly, her ass making contact with Mike's thighs.

"I don't care," he breathed as he bent his knees, allowing his growing erection to rub against her. El sighed and moved her hands up, reaching behind her and pulling his head down to her neck, which he started to kiss.

Before they could get too carried away they heard the sound of loud footsteps on the porch, signaling that their friends were about to come inside.

"Let's finish this later," El said breathily. Mike stepped away just before the door opened.

"Lucas found your dad's grill out back and some charcoal so he's starting it up so we can cook our hot dogs," Will was saying as he walked through the door.

"Okay, that will be much better than cooking them inside," El replied.

It didn't take long for dinner to be ready and everyone had found their seats in the small living room. Hopper had found a really good deal on a used sectional sofa a while back and had replaced the tatty old sofa he had used for so many years. Along with his chair, they had plenty of seating.

Dustin popped *Sleepaway Camp* into the VCR and they all watched, laughing at the twist at the ending. They finished their hot dogs pretty soon into the movie so El and Mike made popcorn for everyone to munch on. It was getting dark outside so they decided to watch the original *Evil Dead* next.

"This is why I wanted to do this here. After this I want to go outside and scare myself silly," Max was saying. El looked at Mike and winked.

"Yeah, that sounds fun. We should definitely go run around in the woods after this." She squeezed his hand.

They all watched the movie. Since El had been preoccupied when they'd watched *Evil Dead II* in Mike's basement she paid attention this time, noticing how the cabin in the movie didn't look *exactly* like Hop's but it was close enough. At least, she knew when she tried to fall asleep later that was what she'd be thinking about.

"Holy shit, is that tree going to fuck her?" Dustin exclaimed.

"I guess so," Will said as a second later a branch rammed itself into the girl on screen, vines holding her down. She managed to get up and run away.

"And of course she falls down. Classic," Max said sarcastically.

They finished watching the movie, watching the gore and the blood.

"The second one is way better," Lucas stated.

"Let's go outside!" Max was already up, putting her shoes back on and heading for the door. The others followed her.

The night was warm but not overly humid. They could hear crickets and the croaking of frogs.

"We should stick with someone so we don't get lost," Will said.

"That didn't work for Mike and El," Max teased.

"It worked out perfectly for Mike and El," El replied, grinning.

"Okay, try not to go too far." Max took off running, Lucas running just behind her.

"Let's go this way, Will," Dustin said and they ran off like loons in the opposite direction.

Mike and El stared at each other.

"Come on," she took his hand. "I know where we can go."

Mike followed her as she pulled him along behind the cabin and through a grove of trees. She would occasionally look over her

shoulder at him. She finally stopped walking in front of a large oak tree. She leaned against it, pulling Mike closer to her.

"Mike, I'm so wet. Can you fix it?"

Mike unbuttoned her shorts.

"How do you want me to fix it?" He let his hand slip inside her shorts but only touched the waistband of her panties.

"Isn't there something you could do? I need a massage but I need it deep inside me. Could you help me?"

"You mean you need more than if I just do this?" Mike started moving his fingers on the outside of her panties. He could feel how damp they were. El widened her stance against the tree, wanting him to do more.

"Yeah, I like that but I need to feel you where I can't reach. I'm so wet, you'll have to do it really hard."

Hearing her ask for what she wanted, the way she was doing it, had made Mike hard enough to strain through his jeans. He turned her around in one swift motion, pushing her shorts to her ankles and then grinding into her ass from behind the same way he'd been doing in the kitchen, only now she was bare. He reached around to play with her, feeling her shift and push against him more.

"Mmm, you *are* wet. Do you think you can still be tight for me?" Mike asked, teasing her, knowing full well that she would still be tight.

"I don't know. Could you find out? Please?" She reached behind her again and pulled his head down into her neck. He ran his hands over her stomach, up to her breasts, as he continued to grind against her. He was still doing that when he felt the button on his jeans release and felt his zipper start to lower.

"Do you need this?" He asked, rubbing the bulge in his boxers against her. He sometimes forgot what she could do with her mind when she was being so sweet and sexy.

"I need it. Mike, I need it *now*. Please, I want to feel you slide inside

me and then I want you to fuck me as hard as you can. I need you to."

Mike pushed his boxers down and bent his knees. El felt him slide through her slit, relishing the sensation. She closed her legs around his hard cock and he slid back and forth a few times. She looked down and saw the head peeking through her thighs as he moved forward.

"Oh, fuck, El. You're so wet. I knew you were but damn. You're dripping all over my cock."

El widened her stance once more, reaching between her legs to feel Mike's dick as it slipped forward.

"Can you fuck me now? You're so hard, it'll feel so good when you put it inside me. You want to do that, right? You want to put your hard cock inside me?"

Mike didn't answer her. He pushed her forward and thrust himself inside. Even with her natural lubrication running down her legs he felt his cock being sucked in, felt it being squeezed. He pulled her hips back against him hard as he started to give her what she wanted. He started to slam into her from behind.

El could feel Mike's balls slapping against her upper thighs as he frantically rammed himself into her. Her breasts were bouncing with every thrust. She was almost gurgling.

"Oh, f-fuck, M-Mike! You're so dee-deep. Don't stop!"

Mike held on to her and stood up higher, taking her with him. Her feet were barely on the ground and she was holding on to the tree. Mike buried himself in her. She wasn't coming yet but he could feel her starting to tremble. Her thighs were shaky.

"Shit! Like that, oh, like that! Oh, god, what are you doing? That feels so good!" El tried to turn her head to look at him but realized that with her feet almost off the ground she might fall if she did, and she did not want to stop what she was currently doing.

What Mike was doing was lifting her up, letting his cock get as deep

as it would go before he rocked his hips while she was slightly off the ground. She had no control over what he was doing and he knew it. Obviously she could control him if she wanted but he knew that she liked it when he made her feel powerless. She was hanging on to the tree as he balanced her on his cock, his hands pulling her down, gravity doing the rest. El was panting and moaning, getting lost in the sensation of feeling him so deep inside her.

"You look so hot, letting me fuck you from behind here in the woods. El, you're going to make me come and it's going to go so deep inside you that you might still be leaking tomorrow. Is that okay? Is it okay if I shoot this load as hard as I can? Because I don't think I can keep from it. You're like a siphon. You're sucking me in and it's incredible."

"You can come as hard as you want to. I like it when you t-talk to me and tell me what you're do- doing. I like riding your hard c-cock in every position. Make me come and I won't even clean myself up. I'll be leaking your come out of me while we're all trying to go to sl-sleep and you'll know it. Oh, fuck! Mike, I'm about to come. I'm coming on your big cock!" El threw her head back.

"Fuck! I'm coming too, El. It's going to be so much. I feel you, I can feel you coming on me! Unh, shit!" Mike held her on him, her feet totally left the ground only it wasn't from her powers. Mike had lifted her up as he came. They quivered and spasmed on one another for several minutes. Finally Mike released his grip on El's hips and set her back on the ground. She turned around to look at him.

"That was intense. I loved it." El stepped forward and Mike wrapped his arms around her.

"It always is. You, oh god, El, you're so fucking hot. You have no idea."

"I was serious about what I said. I'm not going to clean myself up." El looked into his eyes.

"I love your naughty side. I love all of your sides." Mike smiled. He reached down and retrieved her panties and shorts from the ground.

"I guess we should get back to the movie marathon, " El said, slipping

her clothes back on while Mike watched.

"You're even sexy when you're putting clothes *on*," he said, watching her pull up her shorts.

El smirked at him. "Come on, let's go back. I'm not cleaning up but I am putting on some pajama pants.

When they got back to the cabin they could hear laughter coming from inside. They quickened their pace.

"We assumed you'd gotten lost again," Max said as Mike and El walked through the door hand in hand.

"Not lost, just, um, distracted." El turned a bit red.

"Right. Well let's watch *Friday the 13th* now." Dustin had already put the tape in the VCR.

"I'm just going to change into my pajama pants," El said, disappearing into the one bedroom the cabin had.

When she came back she took her seat next to Mike on the couch. He pulled a blanket over them both. The lights were out and they began watching the plight of young Tommy Jarvis as he worked to sabotage the efforts of Jason Voorhees. El casually grabbed Mike's hand and slid it past the waistband of her pajama pants. He could feel that she had not cleaned up, just like she'd said. She pulled his hand back out and, making sure everyone was watching the television screen, licked his fingers.

They behaved themselves throughout the rest of that movie and also during *The Burning* but by then everyone was starting to get sleepy. El found an Army cot that Hopper had stored there so Will and Max slept on the sectional, Dustin took the cot, and Lucas slept in the chair. El and Mike retreated to the bedroom. They both fell asleep but woke up a couple of hours later. El climbed on top of Mike and used him, reversing their earlier roles and making him do what she wanted. Mike loved it.

"You're going to make me come again, aren't you? Because you're a good boy and you do what I want you to do." El was bouncing on



him, whispering her demands.

"Whatever you want. You feel so good I could never say no," Mike said, meeting her as she crashed down on him again and again.

"It's not going to take long for this big hard cock to get me off, Mike. You know just how to do it." El pushed herself down as she said this, leaning forward. Mike couldn't possibly get any deeper. She kissed him, her tongue sensually exploring his mouth, taking his breath away.

"Oh, god, you feel good," Mike said when he could talk.

"Make me take it. Make me take all of your dick. I want it all, Mike." The closer she got to coming she more she begged.

"Like this?"

Mike thrust himself up hard, eliciting a cry from El. She squirmed on his cock as he held her in the air.

"Yes, oh, fuck yes, like that. I'm coming. I'm coming again. You're making me come on your hard cock. It's filling me up. Oh, oh, Mike!"

"You're so perfect. Can I come in you, El? Can I come in you again like I did earlier? It feels so good when you let me," Mike had to concentrate to form a coherent sentence.

El nodded, not able to speak. Her body was convulsing. Mike could feel her trembling all over.

"El, fuck me, oh, I'm coming in you..." Mike felt himself let go, thinking that somehow every time he came in her it was even better than before.

Once El had calmed back down she leaned forward again, kissing Mike slowly and deeply. He held her as they kissed for minutes, hours, she wasn't sure.

"You make me feel so good, Mike," she whispered, rolling off of him and snuggling against him.

"It's all I ever want to do." Mike kissed her forehead, enveloping her in his arms and pulling her closer to him.

The next few weeks went by quickly and before they knew it, their senior year was starting. Sitting in the basement at Mike's house, they reminisced about their summer. Their rafting trip had been a lot of fun, even with Mike almost dying. They all felt closer than they ever had. For Mike and El, their relationship seemed to be on a new level, a higher consciousness, transcendent. They could tell from subtle looks or eye movements what the other was feeling. They were connected and knew that their connection would only grow even stronger as time marched on.

**A/N: Well, I said I was embracing it. I hope it's not starting to get boring. Just one chapter left but it will be sort of an epilogue. Thanks for reading. I'm really looking forward to writing my next story which won't be smutty at all. I'm excited about my concept for it though. I appreciate you readers and I hope I'm delivering something worth your time. Thanks again!**

## 8. Chapter 8

**Jeez, this is the longest chapter I've ever written. And guess what? It's also the smuttiest. Danger, Will Robinson, if you need a warning but if you've stuck with me this far then let's get rocked. Stay hydrated.**

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### One Year Later

Sometimes plans change. El and Mike had dreamed of going to school at Harvard, being with the Party in Boston, but that isn't how things panned out for anyone. When El found out that the majority of Harvard students lived in the dorms for their four years at college, and that she wouldn't be allowed to live with Mike, she quickly changed her mind about applying. Dustin was offered a scholarship to Ball State in Indiana and he couldn't afford not to take it. Lucas decided to stay in Indiana after learning how expensive MIT would be and was going to Indiana University in Bloomington, home of the Hoosiers. After winning several scholarships for his art, Will joined his brother at NYU. He had to get a job waiting tables to help support himself but he loved his school and he loved New York so he didn't mind. Max was going back to California. Her father had offered to pay for school. Not having out of state tuition was a big deciding factor and she was going to attend UC Berkeley.

Which left Mike and El. El had been beside herself with worry that they would end up in different places. Surprisingly it had been Hopper who came up with a solution, be it coincidentally or fatefully.

In March of their senior year of high school, while El was at home worrying so much she was almost making herself sick, Hopper ran into an old Army buddy when he went to a police conference. They had a few beers together, reminiscing about old times, and it came up that his friend had taken a job with Interpol that started in July and would be in Europe for at least the next five years. He told Hopper he loved the apartment he had in Evanston, Illinois, how it was rent controlled and he didn't want to lose it and then have to find a new place with much higher rent when he came back to the States. Hopper had mentioned how his daughter was currently applying to

colleges, how smart she was and how much of a good kid she was, and his friend offered to let her stay at his apartment if she wanted to attend Northwestern. Hopper thought maybe the man was just drunk but his friend assured him that it was the perfect solution for him as well. If someone lived there and he continued to pay the low rent he would still have his place when he came back. El could have a place to stay and focus on school and he would still have his apartment. He also liked the idea of someone being there to watch out for the place.

"I couldn't let you keep paying the rent if she was living there," Hopper said.

"Jim, I'll be making five times what I make now and Interpol will handle all of my expenses. The rent is low already. I really don't mind. Besides, I wouldn't want them to notice a different name on the rent checks and start to get suspicious that I've sublet it or something," his friend replied.

So Hopper had taken him up on his offer. El and Mike both applied to Northwestern University and were both accepted. The apartment would be ready for them to move into three weeks before their school orientation. It was furnished but Hopper's friend had just left the actual furniture and television, storing a lot of his personal belongings so Mike and El could make themselves at home for the next few years.

After helping them move in, Hopper left his daughter and her boyfriend at their new home. As he walked away he felt like he should feel differently about letting El live with Mike but he'd seen how they were with each other over the past two years. It was kind of something he envied never having but he was happy that she had found something so special. He knew Mike's love for her matched El's love for him. And being just outside of Chicago, he knew it would be an exciting adventure for them.

Mike decided to go to the grocery store to get some food since they had nothing in the apartment. El stayed to work on putting the sheets on the bed and making the place more homey. He took El's van, the Millennium Falcon, as they called it.

El put the sheets on the bed in the master bedroom. The apartment

had two bedrooms but they were going to use the second one as an office, though they hadn't mentioned their plans to Hopper. They never came out and said they'd be sleeping in the same bed. Realization started to dawn on her that she would be alone with Mike now. They could do whatever they wanted. It made her feel giddy. As she put her clothing away, hanging things in the closet before putting her more delicate items in drawers, she started to feel warm. She came across a silk nightgown. As her hands ran across the fabric she thought it felt really nice. She wanted to wear it. Mike hadn't even seen it yet. She had bought it when she and Max went shopping a week before Max left for California. Max had said she should get it to surprise Mike but El hadn't yet had the chance to do that.

Putting the gown on, she looked at herself in the mirror. It was so light pink that it was almost white with little black straps that held it up and black trim around the bra area and also around the hem, which stopped just below the curve of her hips. El hoped she looked as sexy in it as it made her feel.

She walked into the living room. Mike had been gone for almost forty-five minutes and the idea of him seeing her in her new nightgown was turning her on. She sat down on the sofa and waited for Mike. After a few minutes she started to get restless, her hands moving to her thighs, tracing higher. El moved her left leg up onto the cushion, leaving her right leg hanging off the sofa. She let her fingers dip into her, feeling how aroused she was. She hadn't bothered to wear panties. It hadn't been her plan to start without Mike but she couldn't help it. Being in a new place, wearing her new lingerie, wondering what he would think, was making her want to touch herself.

El ran her hand down her front, cupping her mound and pulling back, letting the heel of her hand rub against her clit as she slipped one finger inside herself. She pulled her hand away after a minute, noticing how it glistened in the sunlight filling the room. She spread her legs wider, bringing her other leg up onto the sofa, her knees bent, and used one hand to keep herself open while the other went back to what it had been doing. She moaned as she thrust her fingers into her wetness.

"Mmmm, like that," she told herself.

She rubbed her clit with two fingers, slipping them out of herself and moving up, and then abandoned that maneuver, preferring to use the heel of her hand again so that she could feel her fingers slip inside her as she moved her hand back and forth. She was lost in the moment and didn't hear Mike come through the door.

Mike was holding two paper bags full of groceries. He had heard muffled sounds before he opened the door and now he could see the source of those sounds. He stood in amazement at the sight of El sitting on the sofa, her legs pulled up, her heels digging into the cushions, frantically rubbing herself. She wasn't even aware that he was there.

"Oh, Mike, do that. Yes, stretch me out," she said as she slipped another finger inside her.

Mike was instantly hard. He felt a jet of come shoot out of his dick. Not as much as if he'd been having sex but he hadn't done that in more than a week and seeing El getting herself off was more than he could handle. Something had to happen to release some tension.

Before he knew what he was doing he had dropped the bags on the table and his feet carried him to the couch where he found himself standing in front of El. He had unbuttoned his jeans. El's eyes were closed but when she finally sensed that someone was there she opened them. Her hand didn't move from where it had been. She continued to stroke herself.

"Mike, watch me come. It's happening now." Her voice was breathy and she was looking right at him. He watched her start to tremble and shake, her hand never stopping. She rocked into her fingers, sending them deeper. Mike dropped to his knees. He couldn't take it anymore. He touched her while she came, rubbing her lips while she worked her fingers inside.

"Oh, god, Mike!"

When she pulled her hand out she stuck her first two fingers into his mouth and he sucked them clean.

"I want to go again. I didn't mean to do it while you weren't here. I

just couldn't help it. I wanted to show you my new nightgown. Do you like it?"

"Fuck, El. You are so hot. Can I touch you some more? Is it too soon?" Mike gently caressed her lips, letting his fingers run slowly up and down her folds, ticking her perineum lightly.

El grabbed his hand and placed it between her legs. They were still pulled up beside her, making her very accessible to him.

"I want you to stretch me out, but not so much that I won't be tight when you fuck me, which I also want you to do." She pulled his hand into her and then let go.

Mike wasted no time. He was already rock hard and hearing her talk like that was making him even harder. She was already so wet, his fingers slipped in easily. He knew she wanted him to stretch her but he couldn't just shove all of his fingers in. That wasn't the way Mike did things. He used one, and then two fingers, stroking in and out. El looked down at him.

"More please," she panted.

Mike slipped a third finger in. He curled them as he pushed. She was so tight around his digits.

"Oh, yes, like that. Just like that. Does it feel tight, Mike? Can you do more?" She sounded so seductive and Mike loved hearing how her tone dropped and her voice got sexier.

Mike shifted his fingers, bringing them closer together, adding the other two. The way he had them pressed together made a sort of cone shape and while he wouldn't push his hand in past his second knuckle he would open his fingers as he pushed inside her. She was moaning from the sensation.

"Like that? Is that what you wanted to feel?"

"I can feel you stretching me, Mike. Your fingers are all inside me. It feels so *good*," El cried.

"Not *all* of my fingers," Mike said as he slipped the forefinger of his

other hand into her mouth. She sucked eagerly. "Oh, shit, El. That looks so good." He leaned forward and started to kiss her clit softly, barely, not wanting to make her come but wanting to tease her into almost oblivion.

El was writhing on the sofa, responding to his touch. Suddenly she sprang forward, her legs moving to a regular sitting position, holding Mike's hand in place inside her. She reached for his jeans, grunting slightly, wanting to take them off.

"Please fuck me now. God, Mike, I want you so bad." She had succeeded in pushing his jeans and boxers down past his ass and then wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling herself close enough to kiss him. Mike's hand was still inside her.

Still on his knees, Mike eased his hand out of her body. He gently pushed the straps of her gown down until her breasts popped out. He licked her nipples, knowing that she wanted him, knowing that if he teased her more he'd be rewarded with her sounding even hotter. She was whimpering with each pass of his tongue.

He pulled her off the sofa. She was on her knees in front of him and he bent her over the couch, leaning forward to caress her breasts from his place behind her. He liked how it felt to have her soft but toned ass pressed against his stomach. He had ripped his shirt off when she pushed his pants down.

"I like it when you're slutty for me. No one but me knows how you can be. It's so hot," Mike whispered in her ear.

"You don't think it's bad? You don't think I need to be punished for it?" El was pushing back on him.

"How would I punish you?" Mike was intrigued. Her question didn't match her very sexy tone.

"Maybe you'd have to spank me."

*Jesus fuck.*

Mike's cock was throbbing. Just imagining smacking El's ass was enough to make him leak but hearing her say that she wanted him to



was driving him wild. He stood back up on his knees, looking down at her perfect ass. He ran his hand over her cheeks lightly, feeling them. Then he flattened his palm and slapped her across her right one.

"Harder," El said, looking back over her shoulder at him.

"Are you bad?" Mike asked. "Is this what you need?"

"Yes, I'm too slutty and I need to be punished." El was rocking on her knees.

Mike did it again, alternating sides. He didn't want to be too rough but he wanted to do what she asked. After the third time her ass was starting to turn red. He wanted to massage the sting away so he started to rub it, which elicited a groan from El. His need for her was building rapidly. He leaned forward again to whisper in her ear.

"I'm going to fuck you now. And El, you can't ever be too slutty with me. You're *perfect*."

Before she could say anything he was pushing the tip of his cock inside her. She knew he had stretched her but she still felt everything. She still felt the same intoxicating feelings as his dick slid home. His thighs were against hers, both of them still on their knees, El bent over the sofa. Her breasts were hanging out of her gown, bouncing as he slammed into her.

"Yes, Mike! Oh, that's what I wanted. I wanted your dick. You always give it to me so good." She rocked back on him as he thrust forward. She was reaching between her legs to play with herself while he rammed into her from behind.

"And you can have it whenever you want. You can just take it, El. Like you're taking it now." Mike sped up his movements. They were both moaning. Mike was still occasionally rubbing her ass, her cheeks still pink from his earlier spanking of them.

"Mike, M-Mike. I'm coming. I'm coming, you're making me come. Oh, fuck! Mike!"

Mike didn't stop. He continued to fuck her, a little less frantically as

she came, gripping him tightly. He felt her pulsing around his dick as he pushed deeper. Whatever stretching he'd done hadn't mattered in the end. She was still pulling him in snugly. He felt himself start to twitch, and then twitch more violently.

"I'm coming too. Oh, shit, your pussy feels so good, El. You always make me come so hard. I'm doing it now. Fuck. El!" Mike leaned into his final thrust, feeling her ass against his legs, leaning forward as he emptied into her. He reached around and fondled her breasts as his cock spasmed inside her. They were both panting heavily.

"Welcome home," El said softly, turning her head so she could catch his lips with hers.

"You never cease to blow my mind. And this nightgown. Fuck, El. I love this." Mike slowly pulled out of her, turning her back around and pulling her into his embrace back on the couch.

"I was hoping you would."

They settled easily into living together. School still had yet to start so they explored their new town and occasionally went into Chicago to change things up. One hot day they were in a park and found a climbing wall. They had harnesses that people could use and two professional climbers on standby to help with anyone in trouble.

"Ooh, let's climb!" Mike was so excited. He hadn't gotten to climb in a while and it made El happy to see him in such a state. They both got harnessed up and clipped in to the safety ropes that were hanging from the top of the apparatus in case anyone started to fall.

There were actually a lot of people there. El knew that unless something terrible happened she shouldn't use her powers in any way. It would be too easy to be spotted. So she used her own strength and was about half way up the wall when she realized how long it had been since she had last used her muscles alone to pull herself up a wall. She was already feeling fatigued. She hung in her spot, watching as Mike scaled the wall. He looked down at her from the top, grinning happily. She caught her breath and pulled herself up a few more feet.

"You can make it, El! I know you can!" Mike cheered her on, not wanting to ring the bell at the top until she got there to ring it with him.

El was struggling. Her legs and arms were burning but she was almost to Mike. She knew if she made it this would be her only climb of the day. Seeing his smiling face made her want to reach him so she pulled herself a few feet further. Sweat was dripping down her back and into her eyes, making them sting.

"You're almost here. Just a few more feet. You're doing great," Mike said, no longer having to yell since she was so close to him.

El took put her foot on the last hold and pushed herself one last time. She was sweaty, breathing hard, her muscles screaming, but she was happy she'd made it. With a shaky hand she reached for Mike's wrist and together they rang the bell at the top.

"Can you make it back down okay?" Mike asked, concerned.

"I think so. Can you stay with me?"

"Sure."

They descended the wall, going down being much easier than going up. Once at the bottom Mike could tell El was done for the day. It had been ridiculously hot and she looked tired. After returning their harnesses they went home.

"I think I need to take a bath. My arms and legs hurt," El said when they were back in the van.

"I could give you a massage," Mike told her.

"Hmm, maybe later. I think the warm water is what I need right now. And I'm all sweaty. I want to be clean."

Mike could understand. When they got back to their apartment El went to run her bath while Mike made a sandwich. He wanted to take a shower too but he was going to wait.

El had been in the bathtub for about ten minutes when Mike heard

her call him.

"Mike? Could you come here?"

Mike entered the bathroom. El was sitting up, bubbles all around her.

"What is it?" He asked.

"My arms are sore and I don't want to move the washcloth with my mind. Could you help me get clean?"

She was looking up at him with wide eyes, doing that thing with her lip between her teeth that made his heart leap. He walked to the side of the tub and sat down on his knees, getting closer to her. She had a washcloth already. He took it from her and started to wash her face, being gentle. Her eyes never left his.

"That's better," he said as the dirt and sweat disappeared. "Here, move forward and I'll get your back."

El scooted herself forward and felt Mike run the warm cloth over her shoulders. Then the cloth moved to her front. He washed her breasts, watching as her nipples started to harden. She sighed.

"Mike, what about my legs? Could you wash those? Like, my thighs?" She asked innocently.

Mike was starting to get hard.

"How should I do that?" He wondered.

El moved around in the tub, finally getting on all fours. The water receded as the majority of her body was no longer submerged. Mike watched as the water combined with bubbles dripped down. He started to wash her legs. She spread her knees on the floor of the tub so that he could get to her inner thighs more easily.

"Can you wash all of me? I like how it feels."

Mike knew what she meant. He let the rag move to her folds, running his cloth covered finger through her. He felt her shudder as he touched her clit.

"Like that?" He asked, though he knew the answer.

"Yes," El breathed. "Do all of it please."

Mike gulped but then moved the cloth to her ass, making sure to get every crevice. He heard El moan softly.

"Is that okay?" He asked, not being too forward but doing his duty to make sure he covered every square inch.

El nodded, whimpering.

El was enjoying the feeling of Mike washing her all over but then she had a thought that made her blush. If thinking about it made her feel warm then she knew that doing it would be even hotter. She turned herself around.

"Mike, do you think you could, um, shave me?" El sat forward and pulled the plug, letting the water start to drain.

Mike looked at her. She wasn't overly hairy but he was imagining what she would feel like if her lips were completely smooth. He wouldn't need to shave it all unless that was what she really wanted. He'd overheard Nancy and a friend talking once so knew that it could be irritating when it grew back and he didn't want to make El have to feel that way. But he did want to do it. He wanted to spray shaving cream on her and then shave her smooth. He was thinking all this when he realized that she was still waiting for an answer.

"Why do you want me to do that?" He asked, being coy.

"I, um, I want to feel you do it and I want to know what it feels like for there to be absolutely nothing between us. I think it would feel good."

"Okay. Sit on the back of the tub and get comfortable. Want me to drape a towel over the edge?" Without waiting for an answer Mike stood up, grabbing a towel from the cabinet and folding it in half before he draped it over the back edge of the claw foot tub. El sat down, one foot up on the edge of the tub and the other on the floor of the tub. She was completely exposed and Mike could see everywhere he wanted to shave. He grabbed his shaving cream from

the counter and applied a liberal amount between El's legs, rubbing it around with his fingers to cover her with it.

He knew enough to open the drawer in the bathroom, removing a new razor blade and replacing the one she used to shave her legs. Turning back to look at her, he realized that the best position for him would be in the tub in front of her so he stripped down to his boxers and climbed in.

"Did you want it all gone? Everything?" He asked before he began.

"Do it how you'd want it to look." She was watching him, her breathing getting deeper.

"Okay."

Mike started shaving her, being very careful not to leave any nicks or hurt her in any way. He made several passes on her lower lips, feeling the small bit of hair that had been there disappear more with each turn of the razor. He used his fingers to open her up, making sure to get any errant hairs that grew there. He trimmed the upper portion, keeping some but thinning it out a bit. As for her entire entrance, the place he most liked to be, it was shaved smooth. He could tell even with the shaving cream on her that she was getting wetter by the minute. He understood because he was hard himself. The act of shaving her felt very erotic and intimate even though they had done so many things.

When he thought he had done a good enough job he stood up, turning the water back on. He waited until it was warm enough and then he pulled the detachable shower handle down, flipping the shower mechanism, and gently washed all the shaving cream away to make sure they were both happy with his work.

El reached between her legs.

"Wow, that feels nice," she said, looking down at herself and then back up at him. "Do you want to feel?"

Mike knelt back down and inspected what he had just done. He lightly skimmed his fingers over her. She moaned softly, her breath

hitching.

"It feels pretty smooth. Do you like it?" He asked.

"Uh-huh. How can we make sure it's really smooth though? Our fingers are used to touching all sorts of things. We need something more sensitive." El was looking at him with a hungry expression.

Without even drying her off he took her hand, pulling her from the tub. He led her into the bedroom and pushed her back onto the bed.

"I know what we can use." Mike was leaning over her.

"Will you show me?" El was enjoying the game they were playing. "Do you have a gauge?"

"I think I do, but first I want to do this." Mike knelt down, kissing her between her legs, slipping his tongue along her folds, now bare and beckoning him. He teased her, tasting her. El was arching her back and writhing. After a minute Mike lowered the waistband of his boxers, slowly. El was watching him. His cock sprang free but he was so hard that it didn't move much after the initial tension of his boxers was relaxed. He stepped out of them.

The mattress was at a height that was higher than normal so Mike didn't have to bend any. From where he had pushed El back onto the bed, from the side, he could stand in front of her and be perfectly aligned. He grabbed her thighs and pulled her to the edge of the bed.

"If I rub this here I can tell if I got it all. Watch what I do," Mike instructed. El watched as he started to run his erection along where he had just shaved. He was moaning already. "Fuck, that feels good. It feels like I got it all. Does it feel good, El?" He continued to let his cock slide back and forth, rubbing each lip, rubbing inside. She was dripping onto the bed, having nothing to act as any sort of sponge

"Feels, different. The *best* different." She grabbed a handful of blanket with both fists.

"Should I go ahead and let it slip inside? Because I can do this some more." Mike eased his cock through her folds, letting it rest in the crease there. She could feel how warm he was. He left himself there

and started to play with her lips, lightly massaging. The sensation of him doing that while his cock was almost inside her was making her purr.

"Please, oh, please, Mike. I think you did a good job. I want to feel you. I want it *now*."

Her eyes were begging him and he realized that the whole bath, the shaving, what he was doing to her now, had culminated in a frantic need to have him give her release. He didn't want to make her wait any longer.

He pulled himself back, letting his cock drop down to her opening. She was almost sucking him in already. It was as though they were the opposite poles of two magnets. Mike pushed in, bringing El's legs up more as he did. They both sighed at the texture, how their silky skin glided together.

"Mmm, that's so good. Fuck, El, I should have you shave me," Mike only half kidded.

"You'd want me to hold your balls in my hand and shave them? I'd have to suck on them afterwards," El teased.

"Oh, shit, yeah you would. I could feel your tongue right on my skin. Would you suck my cock too? It would probably get hard and you're so good at that." Mike was moving faster, deepening his thrusts as they outlined a future tryst.

"Yes, I like to have you in my mouth. I like the noises you make. Mmm, can I get on top? I want to feel myself slide all the way down your shaft."

Mike instantly pulled out and climbed onto the bed, sitting against the headboard. He held El's torso against him while she got herself into position. From where he was sitting she was higher than if he had been lying flat on the bed and her angle could make him go deeper. But he knew that she wanted to feel it all so he held her while she slowly enveloped his cock. Once she was all the way down she kept herself there for a minute, feeling him, kissing him while she started to move.



"Is that better?" Mike asked.

El couldn't speak. She was grinding on him hard. He felt her smooth lips hug his dick every time she moved up and down. Mike reached back and spread her ass cheeks slightly, allowing his balls to rest in the crack of her ass, and then he reached forward and played with her while she rode him.

"M-M-M-Miiike. I can feel you everywhere. Push me down, make me fuck you harder. Please!"

Mike held on to her ass as he did what she'd asked. Her now bald lips were covered in slick juices, dripping onto him as he thrust himself upwards. Her thighs started to feel tighter around his midsection.

"Are you gonna come for me, El? I want to come for you. I want to watch it all drip out of your pretty shaved pussy."

"Oh, fuck, Mike! Tell me what you'd to do make that happen." El was riding him harder, so close.

"First I'll make you come so hard on my cock while I'm stuffing it into you and El, I'm really close so while you're coming on me I'll start to shoot my load into you and it'll be so much because you fucking turn me on so hard."

"Mmm, it's starting Mike. Mike! Uhn, uhn, oh, oh god. Mike, I'm coming, I'm comin—"

As El's insides clamped down on him and he felt her shudder and flutter around his rigid cock, Mike squeezed her ass and came hard into her, surprising even himself.

When they finally recovered El slid off of him and Mike wondered at the sight between her legs, watching her drip.

"Fuuck, El. Now you need another bath. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. You need a shower anyway. And wasn't there something we talked about doing?" El smirked at him, standing up and heading back to the bathroom.

With a week and a half left before school started, Mike was thinking about getting back to the woods. He hadn't been hiking since April and that had only been a day hike. They had been too busy with school and college applications to get to do a lot of stuff like that, which was why they had gone rafting the summer the year before.

He had done some research and had found a nice place that allowed overnight camping on the Kankakee River and it wasn't far from where they lived. He just wanted to hike a bit and camp again with El before school started and they were busy with that all the time.

El was completely with him. She loved being in the forest with him in any capacity and camping with him, alone, was her favorite. The weather had also been rather agreeable, with temperatures dropping a bit and making it more comfortable to be outside.

They drove to the state park and with all of their gear on their backs they started hiking. The trail wasn't difficult or long but the point was that they were together, out in the wilderness, just talking and feeling close.

They hiked the trail, taking in the beautiful scenery. It was still very much summer but some of the trees had already started to change, signaling the earliest beginnings of autumn. There was a wide stream that was low enough to walk across, and they stepped from rock to rock so as not to get their boots wet. It probably was a much faster and wider body of water when it had been raining but they hadn't seen any rain in a few weeks so the water level was low. Mike wanted to find a place not far from the stream to camp and then go back to it to play around for a while in the cool water.

They did manage to find a great camping spot. Mike set up the tent while El built the fire pit. Occasionally Mike would look up from what he was doing and just watch her for a minute, loving how easily she built the fire pit, how capable she was. She had firewood stacked on one side. There was a short log beside that for them to sit on later as they watched the flames, something they always liked to do. It always brought back so many memories for both of them.

They changed into swimsuits and went back to the stream. They had both brought a pair of old tennis shoes to wear in the rocky creek so

they wouldn't hurt their feet. There was no waterfall but the sounds of the water gently trickling along was tranquil. Mike and El both waded around, splashing each other playfully. It wasn't deep enough for swimming but there was a flat rock in the middle that the water was running over so they sat together on that as the current flowed over their legs.

"This is nice," El said, one hand in the water, feeling it as it went downstream.

"Yeah, I wish we could do this every weekend," Mike said, sighing with contentment. He moved closer so that his arm was against hers.

"Are you nervous to start school?" El asked.

"Not really. Are you?"

"A little," she admitted. "You know how I am when I don't know anyone."

"El, you're going to do great. And we'll always come home to each other. Even if you have a bad day I'll try everything I can to make it better. I promise." Mike put his arm around her.

"You always keep your promises. I love you for that."

"Is that the only reason?" Mike asked.

El laughed. "I don't know if I could ever recite *all* of the reasons I love you. I love everything about you, inside and out."

"I'll take that. I feel the same way about you. You do know that, right?" Mike was suddenly concerned.

El looked at him, her eyes full of love. "I *do* know that. You only show me every day."

After a while they started to get hungry so they went back to their camp. Mike started the fire while El put on dry clothes. She came out of the tent wearing what Mike assumed was a pair of shorts and his hoodie. It was zipped all the way up and hung to her knees.

"What are we having to eat?" El asked. Mike had his cook set all spread out with his grate over the fire.

Mike grinned. "Well, since we're only here for tonight and it wasn't that far I brought a small ice chest with foil packets I made at home while you were still asleep. So I have everything all chilled and safe and now I'm about to put the packets on the fire."

"Ooh, like fancy hobos! And what might be in these packets?"

"We could make a game of it. They'll take a few minutes to cook. Every time you smell something and get it right I'll do one thing for you later, anything you want. No questions asked."

"And what if I get it wrong?" El asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Then you have to do whatever *I* want. Does that seem like a game you'd want to play?"

"Put the packets on the fire," El said with determination. She thought she really couldn't lose either way.

El's game face was on as she concentrated on the aluminum squares cooking over the fire.

"Oh, and no cheating, El. Don't void my foil packets."

El grumbled but went back to trying to pick out scents in the air.

After a few minutes she started to smell food.

"I smell onions."

"Then you get a point." Mike secretly hoped she would get them all.

"Do I smell bacon?"

"Ding, ding, ding! Another point."

El focused but couldn't make out anything else. She knew Mike pretty well so she just guessed.

"Is there chicken?"

"That's three. You're really good at this." Mike was grinning dopily.

"Hmmm, I can't seem to make anything else out. The bacon is kind of taking up my entire nose," El said.

"They have about three more minutes. You could guess," Mike told her.

"But then I could be wrong and you'd get points," El huffed with feigned annoyance.

"My, my, competitive are we?" Mike chuckled. He liked that side of El.

She concentrated for another couple of minutes but finally gave up. Mike had to take the packets off the fire. He had two camping plates and set the packages on them, opening them a bit to allow them to cool. El looked inside.

"Aw, damn. I should have known zucchini. I love zucchini. And carrots, and little potatoes. So it looks like we tied. Three points for me and three points for you. I guess they could cancel each other out," El said, looking at the contents of Mike's dinner he'd made.

"There's no fun in that. I say we each get three favors. Whatever the other wants. Sound good?" The way he was looking made her brain think *yes, that sounds like exactly what I want*.

"Okay, we can do that." She tried to be cool, trying not to let him know how excited the idea was making her.

They sat together on the log and started to eat. El thought Mike had outdone himself. She had assumed it would be more chicken and rice or some other thing he rehydrated. She hadn't expected him to go as far as bringing real food that she could smell cooking. But then again, it was *Mike* and he was the most thoughtful person she'd ever known.

"This is really good," she said, her fork full of zucchini and bacon.

"I thought you'd like it. I only brought things I knew you liked. Oh, and I have some Eggos for dessert."

"I think I might want something else for dessert," El stated frankly, glancing in his direction and catching his eye.

Mike found himself eating faster.

"Slow down, I don't want you to get sick. I'm not ready for bed yet," El giggled.

"But you just said—"

"I said I'm not ready for *bed* yet. I want to stay out here by the fire."

*Oh.*

They finished eating pretty quickly anyway. Mike cleaned up the foil and put the plates and forks away. El sat on the log, watching him.

"So who goes first? Do I do something for you or do you do something for me?" She asked as Mike rejoined her on the log.

"Well if I go first then you get to go last," Mike told her.

El thought about it for a minute.

"You can go first," she finally said.

Mike stepped in front of where she was sitting on the log. "Unbutton and unzip my pants with only your face. No powers."

"Is that what you want as your first favor?" El asked, already scooting closer to him, sitting on the edge of the log.

"It's what I want."

El leaned forward and nudged the button of his jeans with her nose until it became unfastened. She took the zipper between her teeth and started to move her head down, taking the zipper down as well. As she did this Mike could feel her nose on his already hardening cock. She was moving so slowly, making it last. Once the zipper was down she moved her face side to side, making the fly widen. Mike was bulging through his boxers.

"I did what you asked. Now is it my turn?" El asked innocently. Her tone made Mike groan. She sounded so sweet.

"What do you want me to do?" He asked huskily.

El smiled. "I just want you to rub my neck and shoulders." She knew he'd been expecting her to say something different but she had plans for that.

Mike walked around the log, standing directly behind her. She felt his hands start massaging her shoulders. He was applying just the right amount of pressure and tingles shot down her spine.

"That feels nice, " El whispered.

Mike's hands moved to her neck. She lowered her head so he could reach her more easily and felt his thumbs kneading her neck and the tops of her shoulders, coming together at her spine at the base of her neck and rubbing up slowly, making her head tingle.

"Oh, god, that's *so* nice."

For good measure he ran his fingers through her hair, massaging circles. He waited until he heard her sigh and then he started using his fingernails, lightly scratching her scalp. He noticed that she was squirming a bit on her seat.

"Is that good? Is it my turn again?" Mike asked, his fingers still in her hair.

"You could do that for the rest of eternity and it wouldn't be long enough. Okay, you can have your next turn. What do you want of me?"

Mike stepped over the log to stand in front of her again. He took off his shirt, leaving him in just his opened jeans and his boxers and boots.

"I want you to just lick my cock. Not suck it, just lick it."

"Are you sure?" El asked, already knowing how she was going to make him wish he'd asked for something else.

"I'm sure."

El smirked but leaned forward and pushed his jeans down before freeing his dick from his boxers. She pulled his hips, bring him closer to her. She did what he'd asked and she began to lick his cock, being softer than she'd ever been. Mike watched as she kept her eyes on his and her tongue traveled up and down slowly, barely, making him twitch. Then she unexpectedly opened her mouth wider and he watched himself disappear into it but he didn't feel anything on his shaft. He was in her mouth but she wasn't letting his cock touch her cheeks or her tongue, not any surface. He was resisting the urge to beg her to close her mouth around him. Finally he felt her start to lick him again, her tongue swirling around. Then she took his hands in hers and moved them to the sides of her head, leaving them there. Now Mike wanted to fuck her mouth but that hadn't been what he'd asked for. He was almost relieved when she finally took him out, licking him one last time before asking if it was her turn again.

"What do you want for this one?" Mike asked, his voice still a little caught in his throat.

El looked around, spying Mike's t-shirt lying on the ground. She picked it up and draped it onto the log she was occupying.

"I want you to sit down here."

"Is that all?" Mike asked, wondering what she had in mind.

"That's all. Just sit like you are right now. Don't pull up your pants."

Mike took a seat on his own t-shirt, thinking he was glad she didn't have him sit his bare ass on the log.

"Okay, your turn again," El said, smiling at him. "And remember, you can only ask one thing at a time."

"Well I'm sitting here now. Why don't you sit on my lap so I can work on making you as undressed as I am?" Mike asked.

"Only one thing at a time, Mike. But I can sit on your lap. Then it'll be my turn again." El stood up. She lifted his chin with her finger so he would look at her face as she sat down on him, straddling him."



"For my last favor I want you to take this sweatshirt off of me. Unzip it." El was sitting facing him, her legs on either side of his, her boots planted on the ground. She leaned back just slightly so his arm would have room to reach the zipper and tug it down.

Mike started to unzip his hoodie from El, noting quickly that she wasn't wearing shorts and a t-shirt underneath it, she wasn't wearing *anything* underneath it.

"Fuck, El. How are you always so hot? I bet you're wet too. Can I check?"

El just nodded. Their game had actually turned her on so much that she was surprised he hadn't noticed her legs glistening in the firelight. Mike left the sweatshirt on her once he had it unzipped and open. His fingers explored her bare pussy, making her moan.

"Mike, can I move closer?" She asked.

"Yes, I need that. That mouth thing you did made me so hard, I need to be inside you like five minutes ago." Mike grabbed her ass and pulled her closer, the sensations of his hands on her causing her to gush more.

She started grinding against his cock, the feeling of skin on skin delectable. Feeling needy, she stood up enough to line him up and then in let herself slide down his length. The log wasn't as high as a chair and her boots gave her traction so she was able to be more forceful and get him deeper than usual, riding him like she always liked to do. She knew it wouldn't take long. She was thinking of how they probably looked and listening to the noises they were making, both grunting and moaning as they used each other to pleasure themselves.

"Mike, touch me," El panted. Mike squeezed her breasts, pinching nipples before leaning in and taking one in his mouth, moving his tongue over it teasingly. His hand moved between her legs. He could feel himself slipping in and out of her as she fucked him with gusto. He rubbed her there.

"El, you're...I...El, I'm about to come," Mike grunted through gritted

teeth.

El was there. "Mike, go as deep as you can. Oh! Even deeper!"

Mike was pulling her down as hard as he could. He straightened his legs and got a little deeper, not letting her move anywhere but down or in circles.

"I'm coming. I'm coming. I'm coming." El's voice could no longer be loud. The force of her orgasm prevented it, being so intense that whispers were all that could be heard.

Mike didn't hold back. Feeling her pulsate around his hard cock that was so in need of release caused him to surge forcefully into her. He had finished entirely, starting to catch his breath again, by the time she stopped fluttering around him.

He was rubbing her back and holding her, watching the fire while he waited for her to be able to speak again. She finally lifted her head from his shoulder.

"That was fun," she said, smiling weakly.

"You look sleepy," Mike said, moving her hair out of her face.

"I kind of *am* sleepy. Care if I go to bed?" She asked, her voice dreamy.

Mike chuckled. "Sure, go on. I'll be in soon. I'm going to take care of the fire. Can you get up?"

"I think so." El stood up, a little shaky on her feet, but made it to the tent. She took her boots off outside and then crawled in. Mike watched. He liked watching her crawl away from him when she wasn't wearing panties.

El fell asleep almost immediately. She had removed Mike's hoodie and was sleeping completely naked, not having the energy to put any clothes back on before she passed out. Mike came to the tent almost an hour later. He had watched the fire for a while and thought about El, about how lucky he was that she was so into the things they did. He was feeling tired so he put the fire out and after taking off his

own boots, joined El in their sleeping bag. Seeing that she was naked, he removed his jeans and boxers and snuggled next to her. She never stirred. Mike fell asleep not long after lying down.

In the middle of the night El woke up and couldn't fall back to sleep. She looked at Mike who looked to be so deep in slumber she doubted that a fire alarm could wake him. She was all of a sudden feeling warm and tingly and wanted to *touch* him. It was pretty warm in the tent so she slowly pulled the top of the sleeping bag back, exposing him. She stopped pulling the bag back when it was resting on his knees. He hadn't moved at all.

She reached out and lightly touched his cock, looking at the shape, feeling the head, gently squeezing it. Even when he wasn't hard she thought it was pretty big. She wrapped her hand around it. It was warm and she could faintly feel his pulse. Just what she was doing was making her wet so she reached between her legs and got her hand all slippery before returning it to Mike's dick, which she noticed had started to inflate slightly. He still hadn't moved, lying on his back with his arm over his eyes, but his cock was beginning to awaken. El stroked a little more.

She leaned forward, still stroking him gently, and let her tongue dance across the tip, swirling over it, getting it wet with her own saliva. He was getting much harder faster but he still wasn't awake. Still using her tongue on him, she moved her hand to his now hairless balls, she had shaved him not long ago, and very gently squeezed as she started to suck with her mouth. A minute later he was at full hardness.

El quietly moved out of the sleeping bag and crawled over him. He had told her she could take his cock whenever she wanted so she was hoping he meant it. She eased down onto it, feeling it slide inside, feeling it still stretch her even after being on the log just a few hours before. She sank herself all the way down. She reached behind her and pulled her ass cheeks apart slightly, allowing her to feel his balls on her backside. The sensation almost made her cry out. She started rocking back and forth.

"Yes," El whispered quietly. "Give me your sleepy cock. Oh, you always feel so good no matter what." She was pushing down and then

grinding her ass on his balls, loving how it felt.

She had been riding him for a few minutes, whispering to herself how hot he made her, how hard she liked for him to fuck her, when Mike started to wake up.

"El?" His eyes were sleepy and half open. El was riding him hard.

"I'm sorry, Mike. I needed it. I needed to feel your dick inside me. If you want me to stop I will."

"I was dreaming that you were fucking me. Don't stop. Oh, fuck, my balls on your ass. So amazing."

"I know! Mike, I'm already so close. If I come I can do it again. Don't stop. Fuck me harder. I know you're sleepy but could you?"

Mike grabbed her hips and rocked her back and forth, making sure to push hard enough to feel her ass on his balls more.

"Do you like that?"

"Coming. Mike. Mike! Please don't ever stop. Oh, oh, mmmmmmm..."

Mike let her finish her orgasm, continuing to rock her on his cock. When she stopped shaking he told her to get on her knees. He got behind her and she put her head down, leaving her sex exposed. He plunged into her, knowing that she liked the first stroke to be hard and deep. It took her breath away.

"I could wake up every day to you fucking me. That was the sexiest thing to see as I opened my eyes. El, you made me so hard while I was still asleep. You're like magic."

"But you have the magic wand. Fuck me, Mike. I woke you up so you deserve to come hard in me."

Looking at her bent down while she was on her hands and knees, her ass raised in the air and his cock sliding in and out of her soaking pussy was enough to cause Mike to start to feel his orgasm building. He leaned forward, reaching around to find her dripping onto his fingers. He rubbed her while he continued to slam into her. As he felt

himself start to go over the edge he pulled her hips closer. Their legs were flush against each other and he started rocking instead of thrusting. His fingers found a nice rhythm and El started to babble.

"Mmm, fingers. So deep. Oh, Mike. Like that. Oh, just like that. M-Mike!"

Mike pulled her as close as possible, sliding his hand over her, the heel of it pressing against her clit as his fingers teased her lips. He could feel his cock moving in and out of her as he played with them. The combinations of feelings along with hearing her start to come again made his throbbing cock start to twitch, followed by a strong surge that flowed rapidly into her.

She screamed in ecstasy as her second climax overtook her, feeling Mike jetting into her as her walls started to quake.

"Shit! El! Oh, take it!" Mike cried as he felt his release.

They were gasping for air, both sweating and out of breath but feeling amazing. Mike pulled out and collapsed back onto the sleeping bag. El fell on top of him. He managed to pull the bag up around them and they were both asleep within minutes.

The camping trip had been what Mike was needing before they started college. Just one more time to remind him of high school, to remind him of being lost with El, of how their relationship started. He was feeling optimistic as the final days before school counted down.

El had still been feeling a little nervous so they decided to explore the campus again, to make sure they knew where their class buildings were located. They trekked across campus. Mike made sure that El felt comfortable with the routes to class she'd need to take. She could kill a man with her mind but he still wanted to make sure she felt confident and didn't second guess herself like she sometimes did. She was a badass. He wanted her to remember it.

Their last stop was the library. El loved libraries. They had always been her safe haven back when she didn't have friends or anyone who cared about her. She and Mike walked into the building,

surprised at how few people were there. It was getting a little late in the day but the library would still be open for another three hours.

They started to explore the stacks. All of the study carrels were empty and the entire floor they were on seemed to be deserted. Mike looked at El. She was staring at everything, her eyes wide. There were so many books. He liked the skirt she was wearing. It was pink and moved with her hips, flowing gracefully as she walked. It stopped at about mid-thigh. She was wearing an early '80s REM shirt with it. As he watched her he got an idea.

He pulled her into the stacks and started to make out with her. El was unsure at first but his kisses melted her apprehension and she soon was giving what she got. Mike could feel himself start to get hard. He stopped, scanning the books. He noticed a large book of art by Salvador Dali and grabbed it, pulling El with him to the study carrel that was most secluded. He set the book on the desk and sat down in the chair.

"Sit in my lap. Let's look at this book." He was smiling seductively.

It was El's turn to surprise him. She sat down in his lap, letting her skirt flay outward, trying not to sit on the back of it. They pretended to look at the Dali book as Mike's hands started to move up her thighs. El just smiled, waiting for him to gasp. It didn't take long.

"Mmmm, shit, it's so hot when you do this. El, the wind could have blown and anyone could have seen your bare pussy." Mike was rubbing her already.

"True, but then this couldn't happen. Mike, unbutton your pants and slip your cock out. Do it now."

Mike liked it when she told him what to do. He freed himself quickly, letting his growing member slip through the fly on his boxers and rest between El's folds as she sat in his lap, her legs lined up with his.

"Can you feel that? You get me so hard." Mike was still rubbing her.

El looked back at him over her shoulder. She moved herself, getting him wet, and then reached down and pushed the tip inside. When she

sat back up he went in further. To anyone who might happen to walk by she looked like a girl just sitting in a guy's lap as they looked at a book together. But no one was around so she started to move a little faster, occasionally standing up slightly just so she could sit back down and feel him slide in harder. His hand never left her lips and clit, playing with her.

"Read the book, El," Mike commanded quietly.

El was engrossed in the feeling of his cock being buried in her from a new angle. She had moved her legs to straddle him as she leaned against the desk looking at the book.

"Salvador Dali once s-said, *The only difference between me and a madman is that I am not m-mad.* Oh god, Mike, that's so good."

"I want to make you come in our college library. I met you in a library you know. Now I'm fucking you in one and it's incredible. Not wearing any panties, you're so good at teasing me and turning me on." His voice was low and right in her ear. She glanced around the room, still no one in sight. She moaned softly.

Just then they heard a door open. El stopped moving, returning to her position of just looking like she was sitting in Mike's lap. They heard footsteps that seemed to be getting nearer to them. El hoped she wasn't sweating. She started to read aloud.

*"Nowhere is the identification between the modern individual and the subject matter more evident than in Surrealism, where internal tumult is often envisioned as an external phenomenon, one iconic example of such works is Persistence of Memory."* El tried to concentrate on the words.

"Oh, hello. I don't mean to bother you. I didn't realize anyone was up here." A woman who looked to be in her late 50s had approached them, dropping off a stack of books on a countertop before noticing them.

El could feel Mike moving, sliding quietly in and out. His movements were obscured by her skirt which rested over most of his thighs. She was trying her best not to sigh heavily or give in and moan loudly.

"We were just looking at this Dali book. I'm thinking of majoring in Art History and I was showing her some works by one of my favorite artists. Is the library closing?" Mike, his voice steady, as though he wasn't quietly fucking her while they talked to this woman.

"No, you still have a little while. I was just dropping some books off up here that need to be reshelfed. Are you liking college?" She asked.

"We're both incoming freshmen," Mike said. El bit her lip at the term *incoming*, keeping herself from laughing. Mike was rubbing her clit with his left hand, which was out of the woman's line of vision. He was also pushing El down onto him. He could feel her tighten around him, trying to milk him.

"Oh? Well let me assure you that you've picked a great academic establishment. I wish you both the best. I should be getting on now, I still have to prep some new additions to the library before classes start in a couple of days." With that she was off again.

When they heard the door shut El looked back at Mike. She looked desperate.

"Mike."

He pushed her forward over the desk and stood up, shoving himself in. She spread her legs a little wider and he could thrust harder. He pulled her hips back so that only her chest was lying on the desk, making her head lower than her ass just slightly. He quickly reached around and resumed rubbing her as he pounded into her. She was biting her hand to keep herself from crying out. It felt too good.

"Next time I'm gonna fuck you in the stacks when this place is full of students. Would you like that? This place is huge, I'm sure we could get away with it. But I like thinking about someone watching us. I bet anyone who watched you fuck would be instantly turned on. Fuck, you are so hot, El."

She looked back at him as best as she could while he was still moving into her. He his eyes caught hers and then she was coming. He knew because of how her brow scrunched before her mouth opened. Her face looked like someone just told her something both unbelievable



and amazing.

"Oh, Mike."

He could also *feel* her coming, feeling her legs tremble. Since his hand was still rubbing her he felt the pulsations with both his cock and his fingers.

"Me too, El. Oh fuck yes. Me too," Mike said lowly as he simultaneously jerked her back onto him and pushed himself deep. He felt his own legs shaking as he stood there coming loads into her, feeling her move on him even when she was trying to recover.

He leaned forward, still buried inside her.

"I always wanted to fuck Eleven in the library."

She grinned. Mike pulled out of her and replaced his spent cock in his pants, buttoning them before pulling her into a deep kiss.

"I should find a bathroom. We still have to walk all the way back across campus."

Mike knew she was right. He waited for her as she cleaned herself up. When she came back they sat together at the table. Mike held her hand and toyed with the ring on her finger. The one he'd made.

"I wanted to hold your hand that first day I talked to you but all I could get the courage to do was pat it when you seemed sad. Thank you for wanting to hold my hand too," Mike said, rubbing small circles on the back of her hand.

"If you hadn't decided to come find where I went every day we might not be here now. Like if we hadn't gone to look at that waterfall we wouldn't have gotten lost and then we might not have gotten to where we are now."

"And where are we now?" Mike asked, smiling warmly at her.

"We're starting the rest of our lives. Together. Together always." She kissed his hand.

"Always. Through all the storms, over every river. We'll never be lost as long as we have each other." Mike leaned forward and kissed her softly.

"Come on, let's go home," he said as they left the library, hand in hand. But really, as long as they were with each other, they were already home.

**A/N: Oh, my Constant Readers, I appreciate your diligence more than you can know. This last chapter has got to be the longest and smuttiest thing I've written but I'm gonna own it. Yep, owning it. I really enjoyed bringing Mike and El's journey to life. I didn't realize when I fell so hard in love with them in *Zero-Mile Mark* that they would become so expertly smutty but they did and I take full responsibility. I do hope the series was enjoyable. Even if just a few people really liked it that's good enough for me. Thank you all again. Over and out.**